12613 b 31

THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIASM OF FRIENDSHIP.

VOL. III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIASM OF FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

It is the fate of all, who do not live in neceſſary or accidental obſcurity, who neither paſs undiſtinguiſhed through the vale of poverty nor hide themſelves in the groves of ſolitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

THE ADVENTURER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

THE

AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. XIX.

May I, at leaſt, the ſacred pleaſures know
Of ſtricteſt amity, nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may ſhare
Gladneſs and anguiſh, by kind intercourſe
Of ſpeech and offices!

CIDER—by J. PHILIPS, Book I. v. 695.

BRUCE, whoſe childiſh inconſtancy was now obvious even to himſelf, began to heſitate about attending the lady farther than the gate of a handſome houſe, where ſhe reſided. He ſaw Orford occa-

ſionally ſneer; and his own good ſenſe, with a reviving remembrance of Emily's beauty, reſtrained him from the farther indulgence of either his curioſity or of his partiality. "Here, Madam, you will, "I hope, excuſe us from accompanying "you any longer; it gives us infinite "pleaſure to have eſcorted you to a place "of ſafety, but it is impoſſible for us to "neglect the very important object of "our journey. If you will favour us "with the name of our fair charge, we "ſhall bear in mind, equally, her ſplen-"did form, and her extreme thankfulneſs "for the manner in which we obſerved "our duty: another opportunity may, "perhaps, furniſh us with the ability of "renewing our viſit, and of contem-"plating, with rapture, the beauties we

"have

"have reſcued from danger and diſ-
"treſs."

To this high-wrought addreſs, the lady replied very gratefully, and made herſelf better known to them by the name of Miſs Dawkins. Orford was pleaſed with Bruce's reſolution, and looked for their departure every minute, when an unfortunate ſpeech from the lady lodged an irreſiſtable detainer againſt her quondam priſoner. "The great ſervices you "have done me, Sir, entitle you to the "higheſt praiſes and me to ſome little "privilege of forcing you to accept my "gratitude. I had hoped, from the "converſation which paſſed as we came "along, that you would have continued "here during the remainder of the day "with your companion, and that from

"an event, ſo intereſting as the recent "one, I ſhould have been able to add "one more to the number of my real "friends."

"As when a ſpark
"Lights on a heap of nit'rous powder, laid
"Fit for the tun ſome magazine to ſtore
"Againſt a rumour'd war, the ſmutty grain,
"With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
MILTON.

So did the romantic Bruce *ſtart up in his own proper ſhape* at Miſs Dawkins's caſual mention of FRIENDSHIP. "There, "Madam, you touch me! I now, in-"deed, really feel the rudeneſs, or rather "the ſtupidity, of my behaviour to you: "can you ever forgive me? If I had "neglected to ſave you in your fall; if I "had been dull to your wit or blind to "your beauty; nay, if I had ſpurned "your love, you ſtill might have forgiven "me;

" me;—but to ſlight your *friendſhip!*—
" where is the ſervice, what are the ef-
" forts, that can atone for ſuch monſtrous
" ſuch unprincipled depravity? But let
" me ſtrive to make amends for my for-
" mer groſs omiſſion! Every object muſt
" be laid aſide for ſuch a reparation.—
" Spare, then, your cenſure, Madam, and
" conſider me as a man awake to friend-
" ſhip, and to every tender ſentiment it
" can inſpire."—" Dear Sir, you ſpeak
" very warmly; we are hardly intimate
" enough to—"—" Love, Madam, you
" ought to know, is but another ſpecies
" of friendſhip: the latter is the noble
" genus of the paſſion, and comprehends
" every virtue and every pleaſure that
" can be budded by youth and mellowed
" by age: I was formed to friendſhip,

" Madam, from my birth; or, indeed, I
" rather think, before it: I certainly en-
" joyed a kind of *pre-native* cordiality,
" which inſpired me with juſt notions of
" eſteem, e'er I found objects whereon to
" fix them: ardour and forwardneſs were
" my early characteriſtics; for I came,
" Madam—pardon my frank detail—I
" came before my time, eager to imbibe
" thoſe principles of regard, which my
" mother emulged with my daily diet.
" In my cradle, Madam, I was covered,
" not like Horace, with green leaves by
" tender doves, but by a coverlid pre-
" ſented to me by a friend before I was
" born."——" Sir! do you fully con-
" ſider your own ſpeech? *before you was*
" *born!*——It is a ſpecies of regard ſo
" utterly new, that I am at a loſs to gueſs
" what

"what you can mean."——"And do "you ſuppoſe me, then, Madam, ſo in- "conſiderable as to owe the poſſeſſion of "friendſhip to my exiſtence! Do you "imagine that none are my friends but "thoſe who know me?"—"Sir! you "abſolutely aſtoniſh me!"—Orford now ſpoke: "Let my friend explain him- "ſelf, Madam; I dare ſay he will do it "to your ſatisfaction."——"Sir, I beg "pardon; I am once again all attention.— "I beg, Sir, you will reſume your diſ- "courſe."——"Madam, I pride myſelf "on the number and excellence of my "friends; but, I ſhould be ſorry to have "it taken for granted that they are par- "tial to me, becauſe they are my ac- "quaintance; no, Madam, I hope their "regard proceeds from a nobler ſource:

" it is the true friendſhip that I demand,
" unmingled with the ſubordinate and
" cautious conſiderations of acquaint-
" ance. Upon that principle, Madam,
" I am charmed with your noble, your
" hoſpitable, your munificent—I beg
" pardon, theſe are terms too paltry;
" I mean—your *friendly* invitation and
" partiality."—" Will you do me the
" favour, Sir, to retire to the houſe;
" the ſervant ſhall take care of your
" horſes, and, we will, if agreeable to
" you, partake of ſome *amicable* refreſh-
" ment: there is a breakfaſt, to which I
" have the honour to be much *attached*,
" and we ſhall there meet ſome little
" French cakes, *whom* I am happy to
" rank in the number of my moſt inti-
" mate acquaintance: I expect alſo to

" find

"find another companion, in the perſon "of a very communicative coffee-urn, "*who* never is ſeen at my table without "imparting ſome copious effuſions of "the merit he poſſeſſes. Let me add "too, that leſt there ſhould be wanting "qualities congenial to every diſpoſition, "we ſhall receive a viſit from another "individual, with *whom* you may prefer "a correſpondence, and from *whoſe* ac-"quaintance you may derive very ſalu-"tary amuſement." Orford burſt into laughter at her raillery; and, as ſhe would ſuffer no refuſal, and he was very *ſharp* ſet, they adjourned to breakfaſt, where they met the guardian of Miſs Dawkins.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

His notions fitted things ſo well,
That, which was which, he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For t'other, as great clerks have done.
His wit was ſent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crook'd
With—To and from my love—it look'd.

He ne'er conſider'd it as loth
To look a gift horſe in the mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.

HUDIBRAS, Part I.

I AM now to commemorate the character and qualities of Sir Stately Perfect, guardian to Miſs Dawkins; a man in whoſe mind was uncommonly blended all the follies, and all the ſingularities, which ariſe from ſelf-conceit and empty arrogance. He poſſeſſed a large fortune,

was

was of a good family, and had the vanity to imagine himſelf endowed with every accompliſhment that could adorn and enrich an elegant mind. He deſcribed his powers, and enumerated his perfections, with eager vehemence. "I play at whiſt, "perhaps, better than moſt other men— "but then, my memory is ſo ſhort, I "cannot recollect one card from another: "I excel at cricket—but I am ſo weak "I cannot exert myſelf: muſic I have "ſtudied for years——but, from an idle "diffidence, I cannot prevail upon my- "ſelf to play before any body: my voice "is a fine counter tenor—but, my breath "is ſo ſhort that, I do not think it ſafe to "venture upon a ſong: I am reckoned "a very excellent judge of pictures—— "but, being a little near-ſighted, I never

"think

"think it right to give my opinion: I "dance admirably—but I do not reckon "it worth my while to remember the "figure: I have read a great deal—but "a man who has any thing of his own "will diſdain to talk from books, ſo that "I always endeavour to conceal how "much I have ſtudied." Thus did this pantomime of perfection *betray* his merits. He had other artifices of grandeur, which were as conſpicuouſly brilliant. His conſequence depended upon the number of his acquaintance. He had all that contemptible and wretched ambition which aſpires at recognizing, in public, people of a higher rank*.

* It was truly and happily ſaid by M. Baumelle, in his excellent little book, Mes Penſées: "Les grands "n'ont ſur nous, que l'aſcendant que notre baſſeſſe leur "donne, ou que notre foibleſſe leur permet."

Sir

Sir Stately Perfect's eſtate lay in bows, for by bows he eſtimated his own weight in the world. His poſſeſſions, in this way, brought him in, ſometimes, to the amount of one hundred and fifty bows per diem, and he walked every day in ſome public place to look for his *harveſt-home*. The bows he received bore value agreeable to the rank of their maker. The bow of a peer was worth two of a commoner, and a bow from a member of parliament worth two from a man who repreſented nothing but himſelf. If a perſon of rank, whom he knew, paſſed, and neglected to notice him, Sir Stately ſaid that he run away in his debt; and, whenever Sir Stately walked abroad, he bowed to ſo many people, that a friend

once

once adviſed him to carry his hat in his hand.

That aukward combination of touchy timidity and oſtentatious ſupremacy, which is the great mark of a little mind ſtruggling for importance, was very conſpicuous in Sir Stately Perfect. He was one of thoſe ſtarched men

> Whoſe viſages
> Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pool,
> And do a wilful ſtiffneſs entertain
> With purpoſe to be dreſſed in an opinion
> Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit.
>
> MER. OF VENICE.

At the name of wit he judiciouſly ſhrunk, like the *bird of wiſdom*, from the radiance of the ſun; and, when the torrent of ridicule ran againſt him, he reprobated loudly the folly of a jeſt and the

frivolous abſurdity of laughter. He always condemned wit in a compoſition, and was *literally* of Cowley's opinion;

" Better than all things wit, let *none* be there."

He would yet reliſh humour occaſionally, if it came from ſomebody of note. Wit of high deſcent he was charmed with, and a quip of quality was ſure to meet with his invariable admiration. But a *baſe born* jeſt was a ſpecies of *pariſh pleaſantry*, which he could not tolerate.

Sir Stately would never endure a rival. Like the Turk, " *he bore no brother near* " *the throne.*" He would oppoſe ſome antagoniſts—*his inferiors in rank, or in wealth*—for many hours; and, if he was on the wrong ſide, he never yielded. When the opponent was withdrawn, he artfully pointed out to a flexible company,

pany, " how abſurdly ſuch a man argued, " what a wrong-headed man he was, and " above all, ſo abſurdly obſtinate that he " never gave up a point."

Theſe are the general outlines of Sir Stately Perfect's character. I wiſh I could add, that he was either brave or generous; but his contemptible failings abſorbed all the virtues which he might originally have poſſeſſed, and he was a man who only encumbered ſociety without contributing any advantages but hints for ridicule and warnings to abſurdity.

A ſpruce coxcomb is generally beheld with contempt and indignation; and, the character is ſo common, that the epithet is frequently laviſhed upon ſuch as have only offended their ſupercilious perſecutors by wearing a new coat, or clean

linen. A man, who has nothing but his dreſs to diſtinguiſh him, has the utmoſt occaſion for ſuch aſſiſtance; and, if he has other recommendations, he will ſeldom be cenſured for appearing like the reſt of the world, except by thoſe who have neither good ſenſe, nor decent apparel. All that can be ſaid, upon ſo very trifling a ſubject, is comprized in the admirable lines of Dr. Young:

> Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
> A fool *in* faſhion—but a fool that's *out*.
> His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
> He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
> Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
> In wearing *others* follies than *your own*.
>
> LOVE OF FAME, Sat. IV.

The wiſdom of Sir Stately Perfect, however, ſpurned ſuch helps to credit and to fame. He ſecured to himſelf im-

mortal praiſe by being always remarkably ill dreſſed. His mind, the ſource of every lofty and correct ſentiment of propriety, was, in his opinion, diſgraced by ſtooping to extrinſic embelliſhment. He therefore bore about him all the badges he could accumulate of ignorance in faſhions and falſe taſte in decorations. He frequently paſſed hours in his dreſſing-room, diſcompoſing his garb and *ſtudying to be negligent.* That irregularity which is ſeen in the behaviour of ſome, and in the appearance of others, and which often proceeds from indolence, from poverty, or from abſence of mind, was, in Sir Stately Perfect, the effect of elaborate exertion and of cautious ſyſtem. A new coat was always carefully put on when the weather was uncommonly bad, or when the roads

roads were exceſſively duſty. All forms of faſhion were critically obſerved, that they might be rigorouſly avoided. With the ſame care he ſhunned ſimplicity of dreſs, becauſe he knew it was a mark of true taſte. His hair was never dreſſed, but hung looſe upon his ſhoulders, and one ſide was always combed up, with *ſlovenly ſolicitude*, that there might be no uniformity ſeen about his head. Powder was always prohibited, and the appearance of his ſkull could, therefore, be equalled by nothing but by the hat which covered it. He never changed his buckles, which were a ſmall pair, made of gold. His ſtockings were common worſted, or brown thread. His breeches, like his language, were always *fuſtian*. A cloth coat and waiſtcoat, or ſometimes a black

waiſtcoat of prince's ſtuff, a ſhirt, without any frill at the boſom, and the collar of it tied together with a piece of black riband, complete the detail of his dreſs. The coat was always of the coarſeſt cloth, and a private agreement was made with his tailor, that no part of his apparel ſhould fit. Thus habited, he delighted to aſſociate with the great and the wealthy. With thoſe who knew little of him, and leſs of the world, his careleſs manners paſſed for a lofty and ſagacious diſdain of little things, and a reſolute confidence in his own abilities*; they praiſed the man who

* "Les hommes parlent de manière ſur ce qui les regarde, qu'ils n'avouent d'eux-mêmes que de petits défauts, & encore ceux qui ſuppoſent en leurs perſonnes de beaux talens, ou de grandes qualités. Ainſi l'on ſe plaint de ſon peu de mémoire, content, d'ailleurs, de ſon grand.

who could ſo nobly turn aſide from the minutiæ of weak minds, and they gave him credit for every accompliſhment his

 vanity

grand ſens et de ſon bon jugement: l'on reçoit le reproche de la diſtraction & de la rêverie, comme s'il nous accordoit le bel eſprit: l'on dit de ſoi qu'on eſt mal adroit, & qu'on ne peut rien faire de ſes amis, fort conſolé de la perte de ces petits talens par ceux de l'eſprit, ou par les dons de l'ame que tout le monde nous connoît: l'on fait l'aveu de ſa pareſſe en des termes qui ſignifient toujours ſon déſintéreſſement, & que l'on eſt guéri de l'ambition: *l'on ne rougit point de ſa malpropreté qui n'eſt qu'une négligence pour les petites choſes & qui ſemble ſuppoſer qu'on n'a d'application que pour les ſolides et les eſſentielles.* Un homme de guerre aime à dire que c'étoit par trop d'empreſſement, ou par curioſité, qu'il ſe trouva, un certain jour, à la tranchée, ou, en quelque autre poſte très-périlleux, ſans être de garde, ni commandé, & il ajoute qu'il en fut repris de ſon general. De même une bonne-tête, ou un ferme génie, qui ſe trouve né avec cette prudence que les autres hommes cherchent vainement à acquérir; qui a fortifié la trempe de ſon eſprit par une grande expérience; que le nombre, le poids, la diverſité, la difficulté, & l'importance, des affaires occupent ſeulement, & n'accablent point; qui par l'étendue de ſes

 vûes,

vanity attributed to himſelf. He certainly obtained ſome advantages, and, his abſurd exhibition of himſelf, ſome ſanction, by the example of learned men, who, from various cauſes, have neglected that elegance of dreſs, and that poliſh of manners, which diſtinguiſh thoſe who are called *well-bred* people. Sir Stately's mind was always carefully depraved by a like ſpecies of coarſe inveſtment, and his intellectual

vûes, & de ſa pénétration, ſe rend maître de tous les événemens; qui bien loin de conſulter toutes les réflexions qui ſont écrites ſur le gouvernement & la politique, eſt peut-être de ces ames ſublimes nées pour régir les autres, & ſur qui ces premières règles ont été faites: qui eſt détourné par les grandes choſes qu'il fait, des belles ou des agréables qu'il pourroit lire, & qui au contraire ne perd rien à retracer & à feuilleter, pour ainſi dire, ſa vie & ſes actions; un homme ainſi fait peut dire aiſément & ſans ſe commettre, qu'il ne connoit aucun livre & qu'il ne lit jamais."

BRUYERE, Tom. II. ch. xi.

linſey-

linſey-woolſey was highly conformable to his external decorations. A pompous and diſtant addreſs, mixed ſometimes with opprobrious condeſcenſion, and ſometimes with artful rudeneſs, ſhewed, at the ſame time, his arrogance and his puſillanimity. He often *wiſhed to wound but dared not ſtrike*; and what was ſaid by Aaron Hill of Pope might very juſtly be applied to Sir Stately Perfect:

"Unborn to cheriſh, ſneakingly approves,
"And wants the ſoul to ſpread the worth he loves."

In nothing elſe, however, did he reſemble ſo great a man; and the tenour of his mind is, perhaps, better deſcribed by Pope himſelf, in his lines upon Addiſon:

"Alike reſerv'd to blame or to commend,
"A tim'rous foe and a ſuſpicious friend.

Without learning, without ſenſe, without generoſity, and without ſincerity, Sir Stately Perfect enforced reſpect and attention from many admirers. The road to his heart was by the highway of adulation; and there are many who, encouraged by a wealthy houſe, a handſome dinner, choice of wines, and the credit of intimacy with a man of ſome rank, will, for ſuch pleaſures, readily truck their opinions, their independence, and their liberty.

Bruce and Orford were introduced to him by Miſs Dawkins.

M. D. It will, I am ſure, Sir, give you ſome pleaſure to receive two gentlemen, who have juſt preſerved me from the danger of being run away with——

Sir S. "Run away with!" I am very ſorry——

M. D.

M. D. O yes, ſo am I——for it was only by my horſe. They ſaw the impropriety of it, and therefore reſcued me. Had it been with any body elſe, Sir Stately, they would have had more politeneſs than to have ſtopped me.

Sir S. Young gentlemen, you are very obliging——very kind indeed to render ſuch a ſervice: I conſider *my* ſelf as obliged to you. *I*, me, I—acknowledge the favour, and ſhall always keep a place in my memory for your lucky exertions: you'll ſit down——pray ſit down. Some refreſhment, perhaps, may be agreeable: I don't know what you uſually eat.

B. I entreat, Sir, that we may not intrude upon your time: you muſt impute our viſit to the charms of your lovely ward——

Sir S.

Sir S. Have you never heard of me, young gentleman?

B. Never, Sir, had that pleaſure, till I was ſo happy as to meet Miſs Dawkins.

Sir S. Are you lately returned from college, then?

Bruce coloured, and began to falter in his ſpeech. The queſtion, which was ſuggeſted by the groſs and inſolent vanity of Sir Stately, appeared to him a claim to his acquaintance. He feared that Sir Stately knew him, and dreaded a diſcovery of his late diſguiſe, as well as the motives of his preſent expedition. Colonel Orford ſaw his confuſion, and therefore replied to the hoſt.

Col. O. We do not often travel this road, Sir; and ſhall eſteem this the luckieſt day of our lives, ſince it has introduced

troduced us to the acquaintance of Sir Stately Perfect.

Sir S. It has introduced you to—Sir Stately—whether or not to his acquaintance, time will ſhew.

Col. O. I preſume, Sir, our names, when they are known to you, will be a ſufficient recommendation to your confidence.

Sir S. People of family, I preſume? Do you live in this neighbourhood? I do not recollect that I ever ſaw you before.

B. There are ſome reaſons, Sir, why we——

Sir S. Do, Harriet, my dear——look for the viſiting tickets I gave you this morning; I ſhall want them when I go out, and you'll forget to give them to

me

me——Well, Sir, and ſo you live, you ſay——where was it?

B. I was proceeding, Sir, to mention, that if we——

Sir S. And there's the pocket-book, with the bank-notes too; I ſhall have it loſt if you don't put it with my purſe——there are ſo many things to be done for me, that ſome muſt eſcape me——How many miles off, Mr. ——; I beg pardon, I forget your name—but you ſay 'tis near here.

Col. O. The little ſervice, Sir, which we had the pleaſure of——

Sir S. Pray—while I think of it, let me aſk you—is the diſtance from Lord Luton's to my houſe above twenty miles? I rather think not, but you may be more ready at remembering——

B. I ſhould ſuppoſe——

Sir S. Yes, but *ſuppoſing* will not do——I want to know certainly; I could get twenty people to *ſuppoſe* for me; or I could have *ſuppoſed* myſelf. If you don't know, which ſeems to be the caſe, it is needleſs to aſk you. Perhaps the other gentleman—— Mr. —— a——a—— I forget his name, may be able to tell us.

Col. O. We reckon it about——

Sir S. Ay, now that's the miſery—— you begin by *reckoning about*, when I want to know certainly.

Col. O. Sir, upon a moderate computation it may be twenty-one miles, and I think it cannot well be leſs, becauſe—

Sir S. Come, here's the refreſhments ——now help yourſelves to what you want——Charles, come down with me into

into the ſtable, I want to look at that horſe that's ſo miſerably disfigured——

With this ſpeech he made his exit. I muſt here obſerve that conſequential diſdain, and ſupercilious negligence, were powerful weapons in the hands of Sir Stately Perfect. To interrupt any body while ſpeaking, to turn from the ſpeaker, and addreſs ſome one elſe, on a ſubject totally oppoſite, were favourite modes of importance, which he very frequently employed; and he ſuited his various gradations of rudeneſs to the rank and the underſtanding of his audience. Lord Cheſterfield declares, that a man who neglects to attend to you, when ſpeaking, ought to be knocked down; but without inflicting ſuch a heavy puniſhment, the delinquent ought undoubtedly to be very

ſeverely reprimanded, if he commits ſuch an offence by mere inattention, and expoſed without mercy if he practiſes it by a ſyſtem.

While Sir Stately was abſent, the following converſation took place between Miſs Dawkins, the Colonel, and Bruce:

Miſs D. I fancy, gentlemen, you were ſurprized at the particular turn of my guardian's character. He is ſomewhat inclined to diſplay a *little grandeur*, which every body does not reliſh, and which ſome few do not underſtand. Should that, luckily, be the caſe with you, I would not wiſh you to ſtudy his dignity very deeply; for, I am afraid, you will not find the profit anſwer your expectation. I muſt, however, tell you that I ſhall be very much indebted to you, if you

you will endure his *methods of majeſty*, for *my* ſenſe of obligation to you is ſo great, that I cannot deny myſelf the pleaſure of wiſhing for a further acquaintance.

B. Be aſſured, Madam, that nothing Sir Stately can do ſhall be conſidered in the light of an affront; if there was, it would be every way repaired by *your* condeſcenſion. I do not, however, find any thing to cenſure in him; his behaviour of this morning gives me much pleaſure.

M. D. Yes, I do not wonder at it—for he is gone out of the room.

Col. O. You are very lively, Madam;—Sir Stately muſt paſs his time moſt charmingly with ſuch a companion.

M. D. If I had not ſome little vivacity, I ſhould never be *à l'abri de ſa grandeur*.

He

He exacts ſo much obſequious adoration, where he knows he can command it, that the moſt practiſed paraſite, with ſtores of compliments ever ready, would be a bankrupt in a week. He has been ſo crammed that his mind is ill of a plethora——I preſcribe to him to live low.

B. Have you been long phyſician to the perſon, Madam?

M. D. Very long indeed, Sir——for I have neither killed nor cured my patient.

B. And yet the diſorder is not ſo old——

M. D. As the patient—by no means; but it requires conſtant attendance at all hours, and the patient muſt adminiſter to himſelf as well as abſtain from gratifying his thirſt of praiſe. Self-conceit and the

dropſy are always increaſed by indulging the patient in what he moſt longs for; and Sir Stately, inſtead of being cured, grows bigger and bigger every day—— a very unpromiſing ſymptom!

B. You ſeem to underſtand the complaint, Madam.

M. D. To confeſs the truth, I now and then have had a ſlight touch of it myſelf——but obſerve, it ſhews itſelf very differently in various conſtitutions.

B. I'll anſwer for it, the paroxyſms of *your* indiſpoſition have been very ſmall.

M. D. That may eaſily be, when I am fonder of mortifying other people's vanity than of gratifying my own—— nay, I'll tell you more—I am ſincere—though I was once told that I never own'd an error that I was not proud of.

B. And, with reaſon.

M. D. May I requeſt to be made acquainted with your names? I ſincerely hope a farther knowledge of them will afford me ſome opportunity of repaying the obligations of this day.

Col. O. To have enabled us to aſſiſt in ſaving you from danger is to have conferred upon us the greateſt happineſs as well as the higheſt honour. My name is Orford: my friend, here, has ſome particular reaſons for wiſhing to conceal his own.

M. D. Are you the Colonel Orford, of whom I have heard ſo much in the faſhionable circles as the prime miniſter of taſte and faſhion?

Col. O. Certainly not, if you heard of me under that deſcription——

M. D. Terrified at your own fame! May I invite you to dine here?

Br. With the greateſt pleaſure; your hoſpitality in aſking me is truly noble, for when we ſaw you, we were very willing to ſhorten our journey.

Col. O. S'death, George, you forget what we have to do to day, and how far we have to go.—The buſineſs we were purſuing, Madam, the object of our ride, was a matter of the firſt importance, which it is utterly impoſſible for us to poſtpone.

Br. I am afraid, Orford, we ſhall loſe our labour; and, ſince the lady has ſo very kindly invited us——

Col. O. If you ſay a word more, I'll diſcloſe the whole affair, and requeſt this fair arbitrator to give a deciſion on the ſubject of love.

M. D. If

M. D. If love was in the queſtion, gentlemen, I wiſh you both too well to detain you——but here comes my guardian.

Sir Stately now entered: "I think," ſaid he to Miſs Dawkins, "it would be "civil, if you were to aſk your friends "to dine. As for me, if I had not com-"pany here, I was to have dined with "Lord John Daw, and Sir Matthew "Marl, at his lordſhip's new villa. He "has aſked me ſo eternally, and I have "refuſed him, day after day, and week "after week, ſo long, that I ought to "go, or he will be quite affronted. "Upon my life, Harriot, I muſt fall "upon ſome method either of dedicating "more time to my friends, or elſe I muſt "contract the circle of them; and the

" laſt, I ſuppoſe, is hardly poſſible, for " people torment one to death for one's " acquaintance."

Miſs Dawkins preſſed them to ſtay dinner but they firmly declined it.

Among the petty props, which preſerved the auguſt conſequence of Sir Stately Perfect from ſerious violation, by the dangerous intruſion of good ſenſe and good humour, was his invariable rule to keep his houſe ſacred to the ſilent worſhippers of a perpetual dictator. This poſt, which our " full-blown buſo" maintained, even when he had nothing to ſay, was conſecrated and ſupported by trite pæans from the *worſhipful* company

" Whoſe candy'd tongues licked abſurd pomp,
" And crook'd the pregnant hinges of the knee.

HAMLET.

The

The broad baſis of *ſuperb ſuperiority*, the foundation on which to erect a ſuperſtructure of lofty eminence and triumphant glory, was, in Sir Stately's opinion, the proper choice of his companions. His houſe was, therefore, perpetually infeſted with fools, as foils to his own underſtanding. The few who were his inferiors in ſagacity and arrogance, and yet equal to him in fortune and ſituation in life, were always ſure of a welcome from him, if they ſoothed his vanity, and re-echoed his ſelf-ſufficient opinions. Such a party accidentally dropped in, one by one, the morning Bruce and Colonel Orford were there at breakfaſt. The number was not large, the whole battalion not being preſent. Captain Cavil, Lord Liſp, and Dean Dry, were the principal

ſupporters preſent. To deſcribe them ſeparately would be prolix, and prolixity is a vice in compoſition which nothing can atone for. "*Therefore, ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit, and tedioufneſs the limbs "and outward flouriſhes*"——I ſhall leave them to delineate themſelves. Lord Liſp thanked Sir Stately for a preſent of ſome carp, which he had received the day before and declared it was admirable.

Dean Dry. It ought to be, for I obſerved Captain Cavil did not *carp* at it.

C. Cav. I do carp at it, and with reverence at your pun too, Mr. Dean—— you muſt excuſe me——I ſpeak with all due deference to the diſh, for I think even bad carp ſhould be mentioned with tenderneſs.

A ſer-

A ſervant now entered, and ſaid, Lord John Daw, and General Sparwell, were juſt arrived, and aſked for Sir Stately.

Lord John Daw was a ſop of five and twenty, who was frequently talking, and, having never any intellectual ſupply of his own, he was ſupported, like the Small-pox Hoſpital, by the *voluntary ſubſcriptions and benefactions of the nobility, gentry, and others.* General Sparwell, a much older man, was the boſom friend of Sir Stately, whom he knew how to manage with the moſt inſidious ſkill.

Sir S. P. My dear General, I am glad to ſee thee —— Lord John, how d'ye do? Did you go to town, the day after I dined with you?

Lord J. D. At eleven o'clock; and, when I got there, loſt my labour —— that fine

fine horſe was gone——poor Millenium! he was the fineſt creature!—he died two days after, and Jack's inconſolable.

Sir S. P. No, no, you miſtake, my lord——he is alive now; my ſervant, who left London to day, ſaw him in Groſvenor Square.

Lord J. D. That's impoſſible, for he died of "his old diſorder," as Mrs. Cole ſays. Jack means to put his ſtud in mourning: ha! ha!

D. Dry. That was a laughable idea. I remember it was ſaid by a ludicrous friend of mine, about a year ago, on juſt ſuch another occaſion.—Pray, Sir Stately, I forgot to aſk you, have you read a book lately written on finance?

Sir S. P. No, Sir,—I never read—— he that cannot argue without reading, who

who cannot give his own opinions unbiaſſed and impartial, will never do any good by books. I always kept my mind unwarped and unprejudiced, and therefore—never read at all.

Gen. Sp. And yet, Sir Stately, there are certain points on which one cannot gain the requiſite information without applying to books.

Sir S. P. None, General, none—none at all. An enlarged mind has always full poſſeſſion of every inſtinctive knowledge and can penetrate the receſſes of ſcience by helps far ſuperior to books. Thoſe who have nothing of their own *(looking at Lord J. D.)* let them, a God's name, read, and pick up ſuch narrow information as books ſupply; but a mind that knows it's own powers, diſdains ſuch puny

puny helps, and furniſhes, from it's own wealth, the knowledge it diſtributes.

Gen. Spar. But, I cannot think ſo; becauſe the many errors to which even the greateſt mind muſt be liable from not exactly comprehending——

Sir S. P. Pho! we all know that the characteriſtic of a lofty intellect is to ſurvey every thing——it ſees every thing.

Gen. Sp. Ay, now I perceive what you mean. Ay, ay——I was quite wrong—I beg your pardon, Sir Stately——yes, yes——I perceive with you——I now diſcover my own error.

Sir S. P. General, you have a prodigious capacity——really you are a very ſenſible man——and, with a little help now and then from thinking people, you will be very well informed.——I think,

I ſuf-

I ſufficiently ſhewed you how you miſtook.

D. D. This author, I mentioned, is a ſenſible fellow, and has diſcovered ſome very happy methods to prevent ſmuggling.

Sir S. P. Ay, I thought as much. And pray have you found any one that reads his book? It's all an error. Do give me leave to inſtruct you in that matter, and I'll teach you what a neceſſary thing it is to diſcern aptly. Smuggling, Sir, is a fine thing; a very requiſite thing; the welfare of your country depends upon it. If we, Sir, go to war with France, our natural enemy, is it not obvious that, if we permit ſmuggling, the ſmugglers, bound by every tie of gratitude, will fly to aſſiſt us.

D. D. To

D. D. To be ſure; and we may have from 'em a fleet of at leaſt ninety or a hundred boats of the line!

A loud laugh prevented Sir Stately from proceeding; but he ſoon recovered the attention of his gueſts, whom he wearied, even to drowſineſs, by his lofty wiſdom and petulant diſſertations. Bruce, with perhaps ſome contempt, and with great good ſenſe, gained Sir Stately's approbation, by *not* ſhining in the converſation: a mode of winning ſome people's regard beyond all other powers of attraction*.

* C'eſt une vanité bien entendue, que de diſſimuler, en certaines occaſions, ſon eſprit, ou ſon ſavoir, pour mieux cacher en d'autres ſa ſottiſe ou ſon ignorance.

ESSAIS DE TRUBLET. Tom. I. p. 187.

In a couple of hours after breakfaſt, Bruce and Orford made proper acknowledgments to Sir Stately and Miſs Dawkins, and withdrew, once more, in ſearch of Emily.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

" Ne faut penſer que l'amitié ne ſoit vtile & plaiſante,
" qu'en priué, & pour les particuliers : car encore
" l'eſt elle plus au public ; c'eſt la vraye mere, nour-
" rice de la ſocieté humaine, conſeruatrice des eſtats,
" & polices - - - - - l'amitié regle le cœur,
" la langue, la main, la volonté et les effects.

CHARRON SUR LA SAGESSE, Liv. III. ch. 7.

FATIGUED and hopeleſs from many unſucceſsful inquiries for the object of their purſuit, Bruce and Orford, after riding many miles, withdrew to an inn. Immediately after them entered a man decently dreſſed : Bruce regarded him very attentively ; after ſome time, he turned to Orford : " It is the privilege " of friendſhip to catch every opportunity " of diſcovering and recognizing a bene-

" factor: behold one, to whom I have
" many obligations! An early acquaint-
" ance cemented our intereſts and a per-
" petual intercourſe has ſtrengthened our
" regard: his name, his virtues, and his
" fidelity to me, have been without alter-
" ation, and without blemiſh. Born to
" purſue a tract where diligence is not
" mingled with honour, he yet finds in-
" volved in his concerns the effuſions of
" truth and the intereſt of nations: he it
" is, to whom I am indebted for the de-
" lights which ariſe from ſocial remem-
" brance and unextinguiſhed partiality.
" This man is diſintereſted; he has every
" claim to my anxious reſpect and to my
" grateful recollection: ſee him moving
" in the ſphere of action, to which he has
" been led by the fiat of a benevolent in-

 " ſtitution;

" ſtitution; ſee him one of thoſe, whoſe
" form and features beſpeak a ſtrenuous
" promoter of punctuality and perſever-
" ance—then own, and own with readi-
" neſs, that the charm of life is the bloſ-
" ſom of friendſhip."

Orford was at a loſs to comprehend this long ſpeech: he ſaw Bruce go up to the man, and addreſs him with the utmoſt cordiality; then returning, he thus ſpoke to Orford: " This was formerly a poſt-
" man; this is he for whom I often ſeek
" with ſolicitude, not leſs to gratify my
" own curioſity, than to teſtify my reve-
" rence of his virtues." Orford laughed, and Bruce proceeded ſpeaking: " Ex-
" cellent helper of the afflicted! he it is
" who adminiſtered the food of friendſhip
" in many ſhapes. Allow me to recal to

" your

" your mind the recollection of his high
" qualities: what truſt, what confidence
" was placed in him! the warmeſt, the
" tendereſt concerns, are ſubmitted to his
" deciſion; and he has in his hands the
" entire diſtribution of ſucceſs or diſap-
" pointment. Did the tender virgin blend
" ink with her tears and pour out the
" warm confeſſion of her love, him ſhe
" delegated to conſign her ſecret raptures
" to her beloved ſwain. Did the angry
" father, the enraged uncle, or the im-
" petuous guardian, wiſh to check the
" diſtant extravagance of an unruly pro-
" fligate, to *him* they applied, and con-
" jured him, by all that was quick and
" rapid, to tranſmit their emphatical dic-
" tates to the careleſs youth. Did the
" merchant, ſeated in his compting-houſe,

" with all the *dignity of commerce*, want to " procure an acceptance of his draughts, " through *his* medium he gave *advice* to " his wealthy correſpondents. Even vice " was compelled to ſeek his powerful " aid; for——" Bruce would have gone on much longer; but, as they were to take ſome ſlight refreſhment and proceed in their journey, Orford compelled him to quit the object of his admiration; and, after a ſlight meal, they again ſet out on their travels.

In their ride from the inn, they overtook a gentleman whom they had met at Sir Stately's, and who had, during their viſit there, very much admired one or two of Bruce's notions of friendſhip. He was charmed at finding them on the road, and addreſſed Bruce with all the ardour of an

old

old acquaintance: "I was ſeverely mor-
"tified, Sir, at your leaving Sir Stately's
"ſo abruptly; I had hoped to cultivate
"thoſe ſublime ideas of true amity which
"you ſo nobly implant in every body's
"mind, provided the ſoil is at all rich
"and will admit of ſuch culture. Be-
"lieve me, excellent young man, believe
"me one of thoſe real and ſincere parti-
"zans of your doctrine, that I want
"nothing but opportunity to exhibit
"the character, which is ſo much above
"all others, *a true friend.* I have been
"hitherto very unfortunate: *my* reputa-
"tion is founded upon the baſis of an
"eaſy diſpoſition. Regard for my com-
"panions is my whole wiſh, and to them
"I can give up my poſſeſſions, my opi-
"nions, my proſpects, and every other

" requiſite to happineſs. Honour me " with *your* friendſhip: your acquaint- " ance, Colonel Orford, is ſo well known, " that you muſt be of eligible rank; and " your ſentiments on friendſhip are ſo " noble that you muſt be an exalted " companion and a man of honour." This invitation, ſo frankly urged, operated upon Bruce with all the coercive power of enthuſiaſtic prepoſſeſſion. He took him by the hand; and, eagerly ſhaking it, ſolemnly pronounced this vehement ejaculation: " There is yet virtue enough " in the world to confer an *anonymous* " friend!" He then paused for a moment, and looking the gentleman earneſtly in the face, he proceeded: " Your coun- " tenance, Sir, is an amicable phyſiog- " nomy; in that forehead is depicted " honeſt

" honeſt virtue; in thoſe eyes ſparkle
" the lambent flames of friendſhip. I am
" proud to be ſingled out by you as a
" proper object of eſteem: I hope to teſ-
" tify, through the whole of my future
" life, that your refined ideas are not
" thrown away: the half of my mind is
" your's, and the other half will receive
" it's principles of vitality from the flou-
" riſhing exiſtence of it's fellow moiety.
" And now, Sir, having thus preſented
" you my ſoul, allow me to aſk who you
" are?" The gentleman readily com-
plied; and while Orford was agitated with concuſſions of laughter, he diſco-vered himſelf to be an inhabitant of the next county, whoſe name was Valentine Wince. He was a man of fortune, of middle age, and genteel appearance. The

very cordial and preſſing invitations he gave them to come to his houſe, it was impoſſible for Bruce's enthuſiaſm to reſiſt; and after ſome demur, on the part of Orford, they proceeded with their new companion. They ſoon arrived at a houſe ſurrounded with ſome neat grounds, and were introduced to Mrs. Wince, a middle-aged woman, who, at their approach, ſeemed ſomewhat alarmed, and addreſſed them with evident marks of confuſion. Their hoſt rung for ſome refreſhment, which was produced in great variety and abundance. While they were eating, he complained of the fruit: "Theſe grapes "are not half ripe; I cannot think how "any body can eat them." Mrs. Wince coloured, and replied: "There now! "Sir, you mean to find fault with me!

"and

"and why ſo, pray? Am I to blame, if "the ſun does not ſhine and the grapes "do not ripen? But this is always the "caſe; you love to carp, and think to "reflect upon me, becauſe things do not "go on as they ſhould do." Her huſband endeavoured to pacify her, and they changed the converſation. They then grew agreeably lively; and to wave the diſcourſe, they all agreed to walk round the grounds. Going up a lawn, Mr. Wince exclaimed, "Bleſs my ſoul, how "violent the wind blows! it is really "impoſſible to walk with any comfort!" His petulant helpmate took it up: "Lord! "Mr. Wince, can I help it? I ſuppoſe, "I blow up the wind——ſo I am always "blamed; I wiſh we had no wind in the "world, and then you could not ſay that "I make

"I make it roar."—"Do pray, goody,
"cure that bleak diſpoſition of your's,
"and do not be ſo abominably captious;
"the gentlemen, my friends, will think
"you are diſtracted."——"There now!
"it is becauſe you know my great
"grandmother's firſt huſband died in a
"madhouſe, that you talk of diſtraction:
"this is the way I am perpetually tor-
"mented!"—"Zounds! Mrs. Wince,
"if you muſt ſpend your breath, don't
"always talk in the North."——Bruce interfered, and entreated him, by all that was ſacred in friendſhip, not to be ſevere upon his lady: he complied, and they proceeded. Orford admired the arrangement of the gardens, the beauty of the verdure, and the amenity of the ſituation. Bruce was gratified with the idea of the

pleaſure

pleaſure Mr. Wince took in entertaining his friends. The wind now abated, and it began to rain a few drops: Orford addreſſed Mrs. Wince; "I think, Madam, "you had better go in, for it begins to "ſpit a little rain."——"Sir, I am aſto-"niſhed at your inſolence!—Of all the "ſarcaſms hitherto offered me, ſurely none "ever equalled this!—And pray, Sir, how "came you to be privy to the tranſac-"tion? Have you any right to revive "the memory of it? Beſides, Sir, what-"ever you or his friends ſay, I was not "to blame——If I did ſpit in his face, "Sir, he very richly deſerved it; and ſo "you may tell him." She turned from him, and was walking away, when Orford, who could ſcarcely preſerve a grave face, entreated her pardon for his unintentional

tentional offence, and begged to know how he had affronted her: "I am ſure, "Madam, the man who is ſo unhappy as "to incur your diſpleaſure"——"Was "there ever ſuch treatment! his very "ſpeech repeated on purpoſe to mock "me!"——Her huſband now put an end to the conflict, by explaining to Orford that Mrs. Wince had, a few days before, ſpit in a gentleman's face, becauſe he told her, very innocently, "that he never re-"collected to have ſeen her upon Maiden-"head Bridge."

Before dinner, two or three different viſitors arrived, to all of whom Mr. Wince ſhewed the ſtrongeſt marks of regard.—Colonel Orford's attention was excited to an oddly-dreſſed man, whom they called Dr. Aliment. He looked very ill; and,

upon

upon enquiry, Orford diſcovered that he had long endured a wretched ſtate of health, and was really ſo emaciated, that he could ſcarcely crawl. When dinner was ſerved, Bruce was placed at Wince's right hand, and ſo loaded with hoſpitable beneficence, that he found it almoſt troubleſome. He was eating ſome mock-turtle ſoup, when Dr. Aliment called to him acroſs the table: "Ah! dear Sir, "do not live ſo high! For God's ſake, "for your own ſake, conſider what injury "you do yourſelf by feeding upon ſuch "rich diet! Here I, who am a phyſician, "never eat any thing but dry bread, a "few vegetables, and drink with them a "little ſmall whey; my utmoſt exceſs is "a glaſs of cyder." A ſturdy old fellow, who had juſt taken a glaſs of Madeira, turned

turned to the doctor with a ſneer: "Pray, "doctor, allow others to eat as they "pleaſe: if *you* ſtarve yourſelf to death, "it is no reaſon we ſhould."——"Sir, "you are miſtaken: all the world are to "blame; they eat ſuch rich food, that I "expect ſoon to ſee them all dying of "exceſs."——"But, doctor, we are all "very well now: I never had a fit of ill-"neſs in my life."——"No, Sir, no, "that may be, that may be; but you are "laying up a thouſand diſorders by your "groſs living; you are indeed: you may "be very well, and think yourſelves in "poſſeſſion of a glorious ſtate of health; "but, when you grow older, you will "find your error: it may not appear for "ſome time, but you may go on, year "after year, living intemperately, and at

"the

" the age of ſixty or ſeventy, perhaps, go
" off by a complication of diſorders: I
" have known ſuch inſtances myſelf."—
" Well, but, dear doctor, only conſider
" how you are falling away by your
" water-gruel diet: who would be ſuch a
" ſkeleton as yourſelf?—your bones peep
" through your ſkin; you are now in a
" deep conſumption."—" I know it, Sir,
" I know it; but I preſerve my health
" by it, and am laying a foundation for a
" fine, pure, clear conſtitution, while
" others are growing fat to their ruin,
" and encouraging ſtrength and hilarity,
" which will make them be young ſo
" long, that they will feel all the infirmi-
" ties of age before I ſhall."——" Yes,
" truly, ſo I believe, for you'll be in your
" grave before my ſon's of age: I always
" eat,

"eat, drink, and ſleep well; I have no
"aches, nor pains; my appetite is keen,
"my repoſe ſound; and what would you
"have more?"——"Ay, that's no proof
"of health; no, no, it's a true ſaying,
"that to be young one muſt be old; yes,
"yes, I have always ſtudied that: now,
"as to myſelf, I never have any appetite;
"and for breakfaſt I ſwallow half a pint
"of chamomile tea, to ſtrengthen my ſto-
"mach, with one American biſcuit; then,
"at dinner, I eat only two or three pota-
"toes, or a few boiled turnips, or a rice
"pudding, or a ſuet dumplin: I never
"drink green tea, for I think it's un-
"wholeſome; and for ſupper I take a
"cruſt of bread, with ſome toaſt and wa-
"ter. By theſe means I ſhall live to be
"free from all humours, all impurities in
"the

" the blood, corpulency, apoplexy, and " vertigo, and lay up a good ſtore of " health for my old age."——" Why, " doctor, you are ſixty now."——" Ah, " well, I have a mind not to go off in " the prime of life; I won't be nipped in " the bud; I know the evils ariſing from " men and women living too high."—— Mrs. Wince looked peeviſhly at him: " I underſtand you, doctor; you mean " me by Women! I am ſure I never do " ſo; I have had nothing to day but a " little chocolate, a little muffin, a little " tea, and a little roll, for breakfaſt—— " then, as to dinner, every body has ſeen " me; I have only had a ſlice of ham, " half a minikin chicken, a morſel of " beef, a mouthful of pigeon-pie, a little " devil, a plate of macaroni, and, to all

"this, but five glaſſes of ſherry: I'm "ſure, nobody can reflect upon me for "exceſs in eating. Fruit, to be ſure, I do "love very much; but that can't be called "*eating*——No, no, every one will do "me the juſtice to ſay I am a very puny "feeder."

In the evening, Wince preſſed them to ſtay all night; but they declined it. He urged them again, and, with ſuch peremptory kindneſs, that they were obliged to conſent; for Bruce thought that every thing was due to a man of friendſhip.—Supper was ſerved very late; inſtead of cards, the time was paſſed in mutual profeſſions of amity between Wince and his new gueſt. The former was anxious to repeat his hoſpitality: "How is it, "my dear new friend, how does it hap-

"pen,

" pen, that friendſhips are often ſo frac-
" tured after a few years continuance? Are
" the ſons of men ſo weak in their reſo-
" lutions, or ſo faithleſs in their perform-
" ances, that they cannot adhere to the
" ſacred pledges of interchanged oaths?
" No tie is ſo ſacred as the tie of friend-
" ſhip: your reſolutions, I know, are in-
" violably ſolemn and your actions in-
" variably permanent."——He was re-
echoed by Bruce, and a bumper was filled
to the *dignity of virtue and the charms of friendſhip*. Wince took out his watch:
" I have here a beautiful ſeal, repreſenting
" the ſtory of Damon and Pythias; the
" motto, I have added after my own fancy;
" it conſiſts only of the words from that
" ode of Horace, where he tells Mecænas
" they will die together: I have only

" fore inſerted, " *Ibimus! Ibimus!*" the " thought is my own and I like it vaſtly. " Now, Sir, do me the honour to accept " this trifle from me, *pollicitus meliora*, " and let it be worn in remembrance of " one, whoſe honour and friendſhip is en- " gaged to you for the remainder of his " life."——Mrs. Wince was nettled: " There is ſomething in that Latin now " that meant me; I ſuppoſe it was a ſneer " at the pain in my ſhoulder! How can " I help having a pain in my ſhoulder? " Never was any body ſo treated; I am " ſet up as a butt to be laughed it; but I " won't bear it!"—" Captious woman! " ceaſe your noiſe, and forbear to inter- " rupt the celebration of theſe auſpicious " rites." Bruce received the gift with ardent gratitude: " This day will be

" enumerated

" enumerated in the annals of honourable " events: I have little to offer in return " for ſuch a donation; but, I wear at my " boſom an ornament, which is, in ſome " reſpect, an humble rival of your preſent; " it is worthy a perſon that honours me " with his eſteem: the device is a tree, " the fruit are diamonds; and, as I gain " a friend, I always add a diamond to the " branches. It has no motto, for friend- " ſhip needs no illuſtration from fancy." Wince received the proffered gift, and another glaſs was drank to the ſong, "*A* " *real friendſhip no cold medium knows*," &c.

Supper was now nearly over, when the converſation was led, by an inſenſible tenour, to the ſubject of mites in cheeſe, their origin, formation, growth, and de-

cline. This *important* diſquiſition was treated with great warmth and earneſtneſs, though, perhaps, without much novelty or ſkill. Some of the gueſts maintained the exquiſite reliſh of mites, others the ſalubrious effects, another the baleful tendency, and many the unimportant conſequence of eating them. In the courſe of the argument, Wince grew immoderately warm: this diſpute about trifles rouſed him to a high ſenſe of his own dignity; he felt himſelf injured by the want of deference in his gueſts. Orford was aſked his opinion, who in a vague way gave it for Wince. The debate became ſtill more violent: Wince applied to Bruce, who had the whole day, with the enthuſiaſm of blind regard, given up to every ſentiment of Wince. He now refuſed,

for

for ſome time, to declare his thoughts; but being much preſſed, he at laſt ſaid: "To differ from ſuch a friend as Mr. "Wince would wonderfully hurt me; "but with reſpect to his opinion, that "*mites in milk, when mixed with punch* "*and green tea, are good for the gout*, I "will not deny it; yet I will ſay, that I "ſhould hardly think it can ſucceed, be-"cauſe"——Wince coloured: "Then "you differ from me, Sir? Hay, Mr. "———, my new acquaintance? you "differ from me! Sir, I wiſh you a very "good night, and deſire never to ſee you "again." With theſe words he retired from the room, and preſently ſent in a ſervant, who, bowing to Orford, told him their horſes were at the door. Thus ended the *indiſſoluble* friendſhip of Valen-

tine Wince, who repulſed his friend because he diſſented from him on the ſubject of a mite in cheeſe. Strange as it may ſeem, this is no uncommon character: many who imagine themſelves to feel the moſt cordial of all attachments, who pique themſelves on their lofty ſentiments in friendſhip, would ſpurn their neareſt and moſt uſeful connections, for ſome ſlight deviation from acquieſcence or ſervility.

The night was very dark, and the rain came on with much violence: Bruce was ſeverely mortified, as well on account of being driven to ſuch depths of humiliation, as to have been duped by a frivolous enthuſiaſt, who had all his own romantic extravagance, without the generoſity and conſtancy which elevated the character of Bruce.

Bruce. To Orford, who, in the midſt of his diſtreſſes, was always merry, this new inſtance of fragility in friendſhip afforded much entertainment: he laughed very heartily at Bruce for being ſo *gulled*; and, after inquiring for the beſt inn near the place, he was informed it was three miles off: it was impoſſible to find out the ſituation, for it was ſo dark "they could "not ſee their hands." To ſeek for ſhelter in a houſe, whence they had been diſmiſſed by the maſter, was a degradation too cruel; they therefore reſolved to purſue their journey at all hazards.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Wit, like wine from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by theſe rogues, turns Engliſh common draught.

SWIFT.

THEY wandered for a conſiderable time, without any idea of their geographical ſituation, when a light appearing among ſome trees, they made up to it. A man paſſing by at the time, they inquired who lived at that houſe, and were informed it was now in the occupation of Major Quillit, who had been there about three months. At the name of the major, Orford was exceſſively rejoiced, and told Bruce they were in uncommon good luck: "The major is my particular "acquaint-

"acquaintance; I am ſure he will be "glad to ſee us: I ſhall make free with "his good nature, and requeſt the loan "of beds and accommodations for this "evening. To tell you the truth, I am "ſomewhat averſe to aſking a favour of "him, for he has more than once told "me he had a great eſteem for me; and "that is a very ſuſpicious ſymptom, that "he does not care a ruſh about me: but, "however, we will try him." They rung at the gate and a ſervant came with a light. Orford told his name and deſired to know if his maſter would give him leave to paſs that night at his houſe: the ſervant, after going in, returned with a meſſage, that his maſter begged to ſee him, and that he would have come to the gate to receive him, but was juſt in the

middle of a letter. They were now admitted and ſhewn into a parlour. Orford inquired after the major: "Is your maſ-
"ter up at this unſeaſonable time in the
"country? Methinks all regular country
"people ſhould be in bed two hours be-
"fore this."—"O law! Sir, my maſter
"won't be in bed till two or three; he
"never is, you know; he ſtays up always
"*inditing*, as he calls it."——"What,
"is he ſtill ſo fond of that occupation!
"Well, tell him we are here, that we beg
"not to diſturb him, but will attend his
"leiſure." The ſervant withdrew: they waited about an hour, and then entered the major, with a huge bale of letters under his arm: "Dear colonel, I am
"glad to ſee you: I ſhould have been
"here with you before; I juſt ſtayed to
"finiſh

" finiſh a letter which I was writing to
" you when you came: there it is."——
" Dear major, I fear you will injure your
" health by this fondneſs for letter writ-
" ing: what a dreadful fatigue it muſt be
" to write to ſo many people whom you
" do not know, and to pen ſo many
" epiſtles to which you never receive an
" anſwer!"——" It's for the ſake of my
" friends, colonel, who I know love to
" receive them from me. I am always
" writing: there's one I have juſt penned
" to a gentleman whom I never ſaw but
" once, which was in the laſt week: read
" it."——" Dear major, I came to ſolicit
" your hoſpitality to two benighted tra-
" vellers; we have loſt our way, and if
" you do not aſſiſt us, ſhall be in the
" utmoſt diſtreſs: we only ſolicit a couple

" of

"of beds, for we have ſupped."—"Well, "well, good Orford, you ſhall have them: "but read my letters; you muſt read my "letters: d'ye conſider the pains I take "about gratifying people in this way. "There, look it over, and I am ſure you'll "be pleaſed with it."——Orford took the letter:

To General Jaghire.

Sir,

The pleaſure I had in meeting you once at the houſe of our friend Major Begum is the reaſon I write to you on this occaſion. You pleaſed me by your very ſenſible remarks on the birth of Tippoo Saib, wherein you ſo fully proved the fifteen following poſitions . . . . .

I was

. . . I was equally contented with your ſtate of Bengal, your Coromandel, your Benares, and your Bombay. The major's wine is very good: did not you approve his Burgundy? Hoping you are quite well, and delighted that it is in my power to take the advantage of the mail-coach,

I remain moſt humbly your's,

SIMON QUILLIT.

Orford knew that the major aſked, not for his opinion, but for his approbation; he therefore applauded the epiſtle very fervidly. The major thanked him and drew out another from the bundle:—— "There, now, is another which I wrote "this morning, but could not ſend, be- "cauſe I want to add a poſtſcript."

To

To Benjamin Grovel, Eſq.

My dear Sir,

I think ſo much of your great good ſenſe, and your real worth, that though perfectly unknown to you, and though I never had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in my life, or hearing of you, but when you publiſhed your Kidney-caſe in the newſ-paper, I cannot deny myſelf the felicity of addreſſing you on this important occaſion.

The weather, Sir, has been, I think, rather unfavourable, and I am told that it ſtill continues very unſeaſonable. Theſe winds nip every thing; and we have no ſun to ripen our peaches. I was very glad you did the Herald the honour to inſert your caſe there; it was well judged. As

to

to the caſe itſelf, it was quite exemplary; I read it all over. You was cured to your own ſatisfaction! With my beſt wiſhes to your lady and children *(if you are married)*

I am, Sir, your's moſt faithfully,

S. Q.

Orford ſmiled within himſelf, but they were not then in a ſituation to offend one hoſt, juſt as they had been baniſhed by another. He was determined not to enjoy the pleaſure of Quillit's epiſtles alone, and therefore warmly ſolicited the favour that Bruce might be permitted to peruſe ſome of thoſe valuable compoſitions.—— The major readily conſented: "I ſhall be "happy, Sir, to oblige your friend; but "he may not, perhaps, be of your opi-

"nion, and may think them leſs intereſt-
"ing than yourſelf: without a man *feels*
"*with the writer* he peruſes, he can hardly
"do him juſtice; and I muſt beg your
"friend to enter into my ideas or he ne-
"ver will taſte my productions." Bruce bowed, and replied with very flattering addreſs; "I can ſo well depend, Sir,
"upon my companion's taſte, that I am
"very ſure, when I peruſe your letters, I
"ſhall be both inſtructed and entertained:
"I ſhall be able to ſay to you as Balzac
"ſo fervently declared to one of his
"friends—"*Je ſuis ni Got ni Caſtelvetro,*
"*je ſuis voſtre conſtant & perpetuel admi-*
"*rateur. Vos vers, voſtre proſe, vos in-*
"*ventions, vos imitations, vos luts, vos*
"*fluſtes, & vos trompettes plaiſent abſolu-*
"*ment & ſans condition à cet admirateur*
"*per-*

" *perpetuel**." He ſays much more, but " I content myſelf with giving you juſt " ſo much as may ſhew the warmth of " his admiration." The major ſtared with a mixture of pleaſure and dulneſs. He did not underſtand French, and therefore Bruce's cordial compliment was partly loſt upon him. He, however, reſumed the diſcourſe: " I thank you, Sir; " I ſee you have juſt notions of my em- " ployment; you praiſe kindly and like a " friend."——" Like a friend, it is my " whole ſtudy to do every thing; I never " enter the houſe of any man but with " that deſign: if I only dine with him, " Sir, I eat like a friend; if I drink too " much, I intoxicate myſelf like a friend;

* This addreſs of Balzac is in a letter à l'Eveque Garaſſe. Vid. Lettres de Balzac, Liv. III. Let. 26.

" if I ſleep at his abode, I am careful to
" nap in a friendly way: I always ſet my
" watch by his; and in every action of
" his life, I ſtrive to imitate my friend:
" at one man's houſe I don't eat fiſh, at
" another I diſlike fowl, at a third meat
" does not agree with me, at a fourth I
" deteſt cheeſe. The eſteem I have for
" my friend deters me ſometimes from
" eating fruit, for fear of the ſtomach-ache,
" becauſe that friend is always ſo affected
" by it: I once dined for a week on
" bread and milk; then I went on a viſit
" to another friend, who lived very high,
" and I was obliged to let my regard
" ſwim through rivers of red Port, till it
" landed at the houſe of an acquaintance,
" who had been forbid wine for three
" months; conſequently, while I lived with
" him,

" him, I had as ſtrong an averſion for it " as if I had been a muſſulman. Thus, " Sir, you ſee friendſhip is my compaſs: " I live but for my acquaintance, and " if"——Orford interrupted him; he found that the major had touched a ſtring on which Bruce's eloquence was inexhauſtible; and he foreſaw, that if Quillit's letters were not diſpatched, they might remain out of bed all night, between the romantic folly of Bruce and the major.—Bruce took the letters, he received them as the ſacred effuſions of friendſhip, and he read, with a ſteady attention, theſe productions, conſecrated, as he thought, by generous enthuſiaſm. The firſt he opened, contained the following *nervous* and *intereſting* lines:

To ——— ———.

" Sir,

" This is the ſixteenth of June. How " do you do? Are you pretty well? You " and I have never had the pleaſure of " meeting ſince we drank tea at the " Dutch merchant's, about three years " ago, where your friend Hyſon, the great " grocer, overſet the urn. Perhaps you " have a cold; if you have, how does it " do? This is a good opportunity given " me, by the mail coaches, of ſending all " my letters ſpeedily. I am thrice happy " to embrace you by my pen. I like it, " it gives me pleaſure. My beſt thanks " are due to you for receiving my epiſtles " kindly, which I know you will do, " though you never told me ſo. Letter

" writing

" writing is the true cement of friendſhip,
" and I love my friends too well to deny
" them any thing. How happy it makes
" me to be able to give you this proof of
" my regard! In the firſt place, there are
" juſt eleven reaſons why a man ſhould
" be partial to his friend, and theſe are
" they: . . . . . .

. . . . . .

" Then there are fifteen motives to
" *ſhewing* his eſteem, which are as follow:

. . . . . .

" After theſe, there are about twenty-
" three ſound arguments for diſplaying it
" in his own way, as you will find by my
" laying them down to you: . . . . . .

. . . . . .

" All theſe now, my dear Sir, are very
" powerful incitements to my addreſſing

" you, which I could not reſiſt. I ſhall
" ſoon have the pleaſure of again offering
" you an additional proof of my partiality
" in the epiſtolary way.

I ever am, moſt eſteemed Sir,

Your's ſincerely,

S. QUILLIT.

After peruſing a variety of ſuch epiſtles, indited by this lover of letter-writing, Orford prevailed upon the major and Bruce to retire to bed. They ſlept very ſound till ten the next morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

He wanted nothing but honeſty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a very great degree.

Clarend. Hiſt. of the Rebellion, Book XII.

"View his whole life;——'tis nothing but a cunning "contexture of dark cuts and unequitable ſubter- "fuges, barely to defeat the true intent of all laws— "plain dealing, and the ſafe enjoyment of our ſeveral "properties——You will ſee ſuch a one working out "a frame of little deſigns upon the ignorance and the "perplexities of the poor and needy man."

STERNE.

BRUCE and Orford, finding their ſearch was ſo unpromiſing, as they had enquired at every houſe, raiſed every inn, and ſifted almoſt every perſon they ſaw, to diſcover ſome traces of Emily, at laſt determined to return to town. Major Quillit,

Quillit, having an engagement at a friend's, a few miles diſtant, rode with them part of the way. A violent ſtorm overtook them near the houſe, and the major invited them to take ſhelter at his friend's. In the courſe of the converſation, the hoſt was particularly ſtruck with Bruce's praiſe of friendſhip. His name was Samuel Barter; a man who had many friends, collected on the moſt ſordid principles of ſelfiſh intereſt. He was of a ſmart, ſprightly diſpoſition, though his mind was *full of ſtratagems and ſpoils*: "A ſelfiſh villain," ſays Mr. Hume, "may poſſeſs a ſpring "and alacrity of temper, a certain *gaiety* "*of heart*, which is indeed a good quality, "but which is rewarded much beyond it's "merit; and, when attended with good "fortune, will compenſate for the un-

"eaſineſs

"eaſineſs and remorſe ariſing from all "other vices*." Barter attached himſelf to Bruce, whom he thought alſo a ſubtle diſſembler; and hoping for his aſſiſtance, he ſolicited his acquaintance, and unwarily laid open his real ſentiments, and the whole ſyſtem of his conduct.

"I have many friends; my principles "of prudence have procured me a great "number, and I make them all uſeful. "That fellow whom you ſee yonder is "Squire Squat, the great ſportſman: he "has not an idea beyond horſes and "hounds; but he is very uſeful, for he "ſupplies my table with variety of game "all the ſeaſon: I therefore am always "proud to ſhew myſelf his truly devoted" ——"He has a wife, I think, a lady

* Eſſays, Vol. I.—Eſſay XVIII. The Sceptic.

"who"

"who"——"Yes, he has: ſome people "praiſe her very highly; but I ſeldom "trouble myſelf about her, for ſhe has "nothing to do with the family pheaſants, "and my views are too *exalted* to ſtoop "lower than the mouth; ſo that I feed "the ſquire with fair words and hoſpitable "invitations, without unreaſonably de-"manding that he ſhould have any virtue "but what is confined to *the pack*. I ſhall "always ſay he is entitled to my eſteem, "for he poſſeſſes all the good qualities of "the kennel; and I make it a rule to *ſet* "him, during the whole ſeaſon. You "ſee the man in blue there; he is the "greateſt ideot this world ever produced, "but he is a worthy friend; aſks me to all "his concerts; and therefore he touches "the ſtring of my affection. That lady

"in

" in the white dreſs is a very amiable " woman."——" Ah! I ſee how it is, " ſhe is beautifully pretty; I ſuppoſe ſhe " is a good friend too!" ——" She is, and " I have long been very partial to her." " I thought how it was; her name is"— " It's Mrs. Fête, that married the man of " great landed property in the North."— " True, true; ſhe is a moſt elegant wo- " man: I have heard ſuch accounts of her " accompliſhments that do honour to the " ſex: ſhe paints admirably and ſings di- " vinely; then, as I ſaid before, ſhe is " exquiſitely pretty. Yes, yes, I ceaſe to " wonder at your being attached to her, " when ſhe is ſuch an angel."——" As " to her beauty, you are miſtaken to ſup- " poſe me partial to her on that account; " and, with reſpect to her talents, I know

" nothing

" nothing of them: no, her allurements
" for me ariſe from only one charm; at
" her houſe I eat better turtle-ſoup than
" I can find any where elſe: ſhe is a de-
" lightful woman; and, as you ſay, ſhe
" is exquiſitely beautiful; I never beheld
" finer brawn than her's in my life."——
" And theſe, Sir, are your principles of
" amity; theſe are the liberal motives
" which urge you to cultivate people's
" friendſhip."—" To be ſure! Here now
" comes a uſeful member of the commu-
" nity, to whom I pay great civility:
" And why? he is the greateſt ſcoundrel
" that ever exiſted; but he procures me a
" vaſt deal of ſmuggled liquor, at a lower
" rate than the generality of people in that
" buſineſs: he is to dine with me to-
" morrow; and you can't think how well

" he

" he plays whiſt; almoſt as well as my-
" ſelf; I always win his money: but he'll
" play better in time. That gentleman
" at his left hand kept a chandler's ſhop,
" in a little alley, near Barbican; but,
" by the whim of a relation, he came to
" a decent fortune, and keeps comfortable
" little apartments, where one can retire
" with a female friend for a ſlight con-
" ſideration. You ſee I ought to value his
" friendſhip."——" Well, the man next
" to him; what's he?"——" O that?
" that's the gentleman that ſpeaks well of
" me."——" Indeed! he is really a very
" remarkable character."——" I ſee you
" love a joke, ſo I'll tell you all: that
" man in green, with the ugly patch on
" his left cheek, is Mr. Cub: he is by
" much the moſt diſagreeable wretch I

" ever

"ever knew: he ſpeaks groſsly, feeds "beaſtly, behaves booriſhly, and even at "my own table, when I am entertaining "him handſomely, cannot behave himſelf "with common decency; but he is a "uſeful man, for he is to introduce me "to Lord Featherbrain, to whom he was "land ſteward; and his lordſhip's ac-"quaintance will be very reputable."— "You have, truly, a moſt eligible ſet of "companions; and your attachments ariſe "from the moſt diſintereſted views I ever "ſaw! Who now, pray, is this lady that "every one leaves to herſelf?"——"Ah! "poor woman, that's Mrs. Whiff; ſhe "has not the moſt inviting breath in the "world: a female enemy, with whom "ſhe once diſputed the empire of a heart, "told her, that if ſhe wiſhed to preſerve

"the

" the flame of love, inſtead of fanning it,
" ſhe ſhould ſing, with the poet, *Go, gentle*
" *gales, and bear my ſighs away*; for that
" no man could poſſibly adore her, if he
" was leſs than five feet diſtant. This
" bitter reflection ſhe was long before ſhe
" forgot; but a ſecond imprudence, in
" offering her fortune, which is large, to
" a man who at firſt acquieſced, and
" then rejected her, occaſioned this cruel
" epigram: I will repeat it, to ſhew how
" much more keen people are in expoſing
" the follies, than in detecting the crimes
" of their acquaintance:

EPIGRAM.

The youth, recover'd by your *ſighs*,
His *love-ſick* heart with ſcorn denies,
Nor words, nor ſmiles allure;
Approaching, where your lips diſplay'd
An hoſpital for teeth decay'd,
He found a perfect *cure*.

" I muſt now acquaint you why I " have her to my table: Sir, ſhe is a " moſt valuable intimate; ſhe is firſt " couſin to my wine-merchant; the rea- " ſon then is obvious; and, after all, ſhe " is really a very good kind of woman, if " ſhe would not talk ſo much; but, un- " fortunately, ſhe perpetually catches hold " of all the people ſhe can, and for two " hours will ſhe puff periods of a mile " long in their faces, without conſidering " that every one has not a cold, and that " people's noſes being nice, they are, in the " ſenſe of ſmelling, *tremblingly alive to* " *fineſt impulſe.* I know one gentleman " that always talks to her in his ſpecta- " cles, which ſhut his noſe, and keep out " ill company, to whom he may not wiſh " to be at home."——" You ſeem to have

" great

" great reſpect for this lady."——" Yes,
" we are *bottle* companions; my wine-
" merchant is very fond of his couſin,
" though he will never ſit by her; for he
" once whiſpered me, that he always
" wiſhed to look upon her as a *diſtant* re-
" lation.—We have had enough of her."
——" Well, now then, you will, I hope,
" introduce me to ſome of your other
" friends."——" As you and I are of the
" ſame perſuaſion, I will readily do it;
" but remember, that of all follies in your
" intercourſe with the world, the moſt
" unpardonable is introducing one friend
" to another: you ſtare! but it's very
" true; you'll find it carefully avoided
" by all the moſt ſenſible people: the
" fact, Sir, is this; if you bring your
" friends together, they ſit in judgment

" upon you; whereas, if you keep them
" ſeparate, you are a coroner's inqueſt
" upon their deceaſed virtues; and if they
" behave amiſs to you, can always im-
" pannel twelve people *(provided theſe*
" *twelve are all ſtrangers to one another)*
" to bring in their verdict Lunacy."——
" You aſtoniſh me, Mr. Barter! Can
" there be people of ſuch little minds?"
——" Ha! ha! ha! well, Sir, your
" queſtion is ſo abſurd and ſhews you to
" be ſo green in the affairs of the world!
" How d'ye think people make friends,
" and then how d'ye think they keep 'em?
" I never knew any one of thoſe people
" who boaſt of their numerous acquaint-
" ance and various friends but they al-
" ways openly deſpiſed and perpetually
" practiſed this never-failing policy:

" bleſs

" bleſs me, if you had been half as much
" in life as I have, you would have ſeen
" that the great art of making your way
" in the world, and of being the monarch
" of a mob of viſitors, is juſt to let them
" ſee each other and never meet after-
" wards."——" But pray, Mr. Barter,
" how can you prevent ſuch"——" Pho!
" whiſpers, whiſpers; every one thinks
" himſelf very ſagacious, and therefore
" a *word to the wiſe* never fails. Take my
" advice; if you want to keep your ac-
" quaintance to yourſelf, take advantage
" of all their little failings, and eſtabliſh
" among them a cordial antipathy."——
" Well, I ſhall often viſit you; for, as I am
" to learn the commerce of friendſhip, I
" muſt know the names of all the mer-

" chants upon 'Change; this is a kind
" of trade, to which I am ſo little uſed,
" that I hardly know even the technical
" terms of mercantile intimacy: I ſhall,
" however, learn in time the tare and tret
" of friendſhip; I ſhall be able to truck
" amiably, to know the ſtaple commodi-
" ties of every acquaintance and the mart
" of every ſervice: you will teach me to
" buy in and ſell out of the amicable
" ſtocks; and, when I am a perfect bounty-
" broker, ſkilled in all the varieties of
" funded friendſhip, you will then receive
" me here as a kind Bull or as a cordial
" Bear: here I ſhall be able to tranſact
" my buſineſs, calculate all the 7-8ths of
" eſteem, trace the conſolidated annuities
" of attention, and poſſeſs in *your* ac-
" quaintance

" quaintance a plum of friendſhip, by " frequenting your houſe like a jobber at " Jonathan's."

The weather now grew more ſerene and the knights-errant, therefore, left Barter's houſe: they rode briſkly, and reached town in a few hours.

CHAP. XXIV.

But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

DRYDEN's *Hind and Panther.*

BRUCE and Orford arrived in London late at night. The latter had indulged Bruce in an unpromiſing excurſion after his miſtreſs, and they now began to conſider what would be the effects of returning to Sir Edward's houſe. Orford repreſented to Bruce the danger, as well as the diſgrace, which would attend his return, if it was expected, as it might be, that he had eloped with Emily; and, above all, the laugh which would be raiſed at his expence, as a young man who had gone

gone in ſearch of a fine girl and had returned without ſucceſs. Bruce ſcorned ridicule: "My contempt of a ſneer is "equal to dulneſs and nothing repels "the moſt pointed ſarcaſms but inſenſibi-"lity*. As to my reception at the Bry-"ant's, I muſt deſire that, as a friend, "you will go with me, extol the part I "have acted, and declare how happy you "feel yourſelf that I can give this proof

* The author of an admirable volume has ſaid, with great truth: "Le ridicule n'ayant ſouvent rien de decidé, n'a d'exiſtence alors, que dans l'opinion, il dépend en partie, de la diſpoſition de celui à qui on veut le donner, & dans ce cas-là, il a beſoin d'être accepté. On le fait echouer non en le repouſſant avec force, mais en le recevant avec mepris & indiférence, quelquefois en le recevant de bon grâce. Ce ſont les flêches des Méxicains qui auroient pénétré le fer, & qui s'amortiſſoient contre des armures de laine."

DUCLOS.—*Conſiderations ſur les Mœurs de ce Siecle*, Ch. IX.

"of

" of my attachment to their intereſts.—
" Your praiſes, and your readineſs to go
" with me in ſearch of Emily, will fully
" vindicate my abſence, and they will
" think themſelves under an obligation
" to me for my zeal in their ſervice."——
" I ſhall be very happy, as I have, I think,
" proved, to render you the ſlighteſt or
" the moſt important benefit: you know
" my regard for you, and you muſt be
" well convinced that I would riſque my
" fortune to oblige you."——" My dear
" Orford, true regard is compoſed of
" above twenty thouſand conſtituent parts;
" there are in a ſolid attachment ſo many
" veins, arteries, muſcles, joints——in
" ſhort, ſuch are the various fibres of
" friendſhip"——" That I do not wiſh
" at preſent to hear them enumerated:
" let

" let us return from that dear digreſſion,
" which you was going to indulge in: I
" will go with you to Sir Edward's, and
" will endeavour, by every commenda-
" tion of you, to reſtore you to the ſitua-
" tion where you may again meet your
" Emily."

At ten the next morning, they went to Sir Edward's, who was not yet returned with Emily and the party her protectors. Lady Bryant was at home, and with her Lady Warynton, to whom the Colonel was admitted, while Bruce ſtayed in the hall. In twenty minutes the bell rung; he was called up by another ſervant and introduced once more to Lady Bryant, who returned him many thanks for his zeal in attending the Colonel upon his late expedition; ſhe declared ſhe ſhould ever

conſider herſelf as highly obliged for his diligence and ſpirit, and ſhould look upon him in a light ſuperior to that of a ſervant. She repeated her acknowledgments to Colonel Orford, who withdrew in about an hour, leaving Bruce re-eſtabliſhed in his place, and in full poſſeſſion of her ladyſhip's favour; for we muſt remember that his efforts had been moſt *deſirably* unſucceſsful.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

He that flows
In gracious and ſwoln tides of bleſt abundance,
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deſerves to live contemned and die forgotten.

BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, A. IV.

We know
There oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of ſorrow loves to gaze
Upon it's ſecret hoard of treaſur'd woes
In pining ſolitude.

MASON's *Elfrida*.

WHEN Oſwarne left the country, the illneſs of Emily made an airing highly neceſſary for her; it was therefore agreed that Mrs. Oſwarne ſhould go with her in the carriage, and accompany Oſwarne and Leland ſome part of the

the way, when they ſet out to notify her eſcape to Sir Edward and the family.— In their progreſs, Oſwarne had many opportunities of expanding the wild and abſurd caprices which were ſo ſtrongly interwoven in his diſpoſition. One of theſe I have not yet deſcribed, but it beamed forth very ſoon after they had begun their journey. Towards every perſon whom he knew, whether it was an intimate, or a diſtant acquaintance, he felt the moſt violent, the moſt unlimited, the moſt unaccountable prejudice or prepoſſeſſion.— This had no foundation in their character; for he neither beſtowed his eſteem upon thoſe who were virtuous or ſolicitous to deſerve it, neither did he acknowledge an antipathy to the worthleſs or ſuch as diſliked him: his motives were all under

the ſway of the moſt whimſical freaks, and the moſt childiſh the moſt fretful humour. About a mile from Oſwarne's, Leland pointed to the houſe of Mr. K. "That's a pretty houſe of Mr. K.'s, and "he is an agreeable man."

O. Ay, perhaps ſo——but the fellow is a terrible blockhead.

L. I thought he and you were intimate.

O. I tell you he is the greateſt fool in the county.

L. Was not that he that ſent you the handſome preſents laſt year?

O. 'Tis very ſtrange, Leland——that you won't believe me. I tell you that he is the moſt conſummate dolt hereabouts.

L. I don't think ſo—I fancy you muſt know but little of him.

O. Never was there—G— d— you! never

never was there ſuch an aſs as he, except yourſelf. You make it a rule to believe nothing I ſay.

L. Well, but what has he done?

O. "Done!" is it not enough (the Devil take you!) to be a fool without doing any thing?

L. But K. is always very civil to you; he ſends you preſents, he bows whenever he meets you, he ſpeaks very affably, and what would you have him do more?

O. What I would have *you* do——hold your tongue.

L. K. bears a very high character in the neighbourhood; every body praiſes him for his good temper, for his politeneſs, and for his eaſy manners.

O. Now is it impoſſible for you to help expoſing yourſelf? Here are you defending

ſending a damned fellow, whom you know no more about than——

L. —— *You* do? that is not true—— I have known him perſonally, which enables me to judge; and, leſt I ſhould err, here he comes.

Mr. K. now rode up to them and ſaluted Oſwarne with the moſt perfect good breeding. Oſwarne hardly nodded, and, in a few minutes, while K. was ſpeaking, ſpurred his horſe, and, with the moſt reſolute brutality, broke away from the ſpeaker. In about another quarter of an hour they overtook them. K. was too polite to notice the affront, for he had long apprehended that Oſwarne had nothing but ill manners to be known by. He began a converſation.

K. The weather is pleaſant, Mr. Ofwarne.

O. No; it is quite otherwiſe, in my opinion.

K. It was gloomy in the morning.

O. No; that was, in my opinion, the pleaſanteſt part of the day.

K. The country round us is very rich juſt now.

O. No; the ſoil is very bad and the crops are very thin.

K. A charming proſpect from yonder hill.

O. Very diſmal; it is the place I always avoid.

K. That is a pretty horſe of your's.

O. No; I am going to ſell him.

K. His eyes are very bright.

O. No; he is blind.

K. Good

K. Good limbs.

O. No——wretchedly made, as every one knows who have any ſkill in horſes.

K. The duſt flies very much.

O. No; the rain has quite watered the roads and has laid it.

K. I admire that coat which you have on; it is a beautiful grain.

O. No——I had it made by miſtake.

K. Yes; it's rather too large for you.

O. No; it's too tight in the ſhoulders.

K. Sir M. M. lives at that houſe.

O. No, I fancy not.

K. I dined with him yeſterday.

O. No, I believe not.

K. I did, upon my honour.

O. No, I ſuppoſe not—ſome miſtake.

K. His lady is recovering from her illneſs.

O. No, I think ſhe is dead.

K Indeed, you are miſtaken. She is at the houſe now, where ſhe has been attended by a phyſician for two months.

O. I dare ſay, not. She is buried, I know.

Leland now burſt into a roar of laughter. The contemptible folly and infantine perverſeneſs of Oſwarne ſunk him ſo low and placed him in ſuch a ridiculous point of view, that Leland, who with many others thoroughly deſpiſed him, never ſcrupled to enjoy a fit of merriment at his expence. Oſwarne and Leland purſued their journey and the ladies then left them. After riding for about an hour, they returned home, where they had not arrived long before they received a viſit from a lady, a neighbour of Mrs. Oſ-

warne

warne—Mrs. Quail, a widow, who enjoyed——I mean poſſeſſed—two thouſand pounds per annum. She had a delightful ſeat, near Oſwarne's; and, at the age of thirty, might boaſt of having more real means for happineſs than any of her acquaintance. Mrs. Oſwarne was glad to ſee her; and, the moment they met, Mrs. Quail began the melancholy moanings of a diſcontented ſpirit.

Mrs. O. This is very kind, my dear madam——how do you do?

Mrs. Q. Pretty ill, dear Oſwarne, pretty ill, I thank you——I, you know, am never well——there is not, I believe, a more wretched creature in the world than myſelf——the catalogue of evils I endure would fill a volume; and yet, ſuch

is the barbarity of the world, that nobody pities me——Ah! dear Oſwarne, do pity me—— condole, my good friend——feel for your poor friend, whom a little time will quickly relieve from the ſorrows of this world. I am going, Oſwarne——going very faſt!—I ſaw my landlord to-day, whom I met to renew the leaſe of my houſe for forty years, and he tells me I look very ill——don't I now——do tell me I look very ill, and pity me; do, dear Oſwarne, pity me!

Mrs. O. Bleſs me! I was going to give you joy, madam——

Mrs. Q. No—I'd rather not have any, I thank you——nothing but grief for me! No, if you've got a tear about you, I ſhould prefer that to any thing elſe.

Mrs. O.

Mrs. O. Why, I'm told, my dear madam, that you have juſt had a thouſand pounds left you?

Mrs. Q. Ay, very true——there's another mortification——a thouſand pounds!—only think how much trouble a thouſand pounds bring with 'em!

Mrs. O. But you ſhould recollect how many pleaſures too——you will be able to enjoy yourſelf ſo much the more with a few little douceurs to add to your preſent numerous enjoyments.

Mrs. Q. Unkind Oſwarne! cruel woman! How can you talk ſo to me? What have I done to deſerve your harſh treatment?——O what a ſad thing it is to have no friends!—to have none who have feelings capable of ſoothing another under

misfortunes!—I am the moſt miſerable wretch on earth!

Mrs. Quail here abſolutely wept; and, as ſhe took out her handkerchief, ſhe drew with it a little caſket, which fell on the floor. Mrs. Oſwarne took it up, and while her *unhappy* friend was agitating herſelf with her imaginary wrongs, ſhe begged leave to open it, which Mrs. Quail permitted in theſe words: "There "again, there's a new inſtance of the "hardſhips which I ſuffer! That is a "preſent from Serjeant Dupe-dame, one "of my idle ſuitors. Is it not a terrible "thing that one is compelled to admit "ſuch obligations! I know not what to "do with the man——I'm very unhappy "about it! The jewels are worth an

"immenſe

" immenſe ſum—but there never was any
" body ſo ill uſed as I am; here I live, ſet
" up as a butt for every one to ſhy at—
" Fate ſeems to be determined againſt me
" ——one of my coach-horſes died laſt
" week!"

Mrs. O. Indeed! Well, I am free to own, that was rather——

Mrs. Q. O no, to be ſure I have nothing to make me uneaſy——no, who but me!——Well, then, to complete my miſery, my uncle, Sir Sorrel Stud, ſent me a very fine pair of his, as a preſent, the next morning.

Mrs. O. And do you really, now, complain ſeriouſly of ſuch events?

Mrs. Q. Madam, give me leave to ſay you are no judge of theſe matters. I ſhall have more anxiety and fatigue with

theſe

theſe animals than enough——I wiſh to the Lord he had not been ſo forward as to ſend them——but I am doomed to be wretched! Every day produces ſomething new!—ſome freſh affliction!

Mrs. O. Pray how does your friend, Miſs Mildly?——ſhe is the beſt creature——

Mrs. Q. O the worthieſt girl! ſuch friendſhip! ſuch generoſity——ſuch candour!

Mrs. O. What pleaſure you muſt take in her acquaintance!

Mrs. Q. O yes, ſhe died laſt year——I ſhall never ſee her equal——but it's my lot to be deſerted!

Mrs. O. Well, then there's your friend, Mr. Baiſemains, the polite companion.

Mrs. Q.

Mrs. Q. A worthy man! always well-bred——always elegant.

Mrs. O. You have a great reſpect for him.

Mrs. Q. Inviolable!—he went abroad, three months ago.

Mrs. O. I am pleaſed to have ſo favourable an account of your good neighbour, Mrs. Fitzpleaſure; ſhe is ſo lively, ſo gay, and has ſuch a perpetual flow of ſpirits and converſation, that I do not wonder when I am told you are always together.

Mrs. Q. No, no ſuch thing——we are indeed always together——but, bleſs you, madam, ſhe is the moſt ill-bred, capricious, peeviſh woman in the world ——O dear, no——but, after all, what is friendſhip? No, I think I never had but one

one real friend in my life, and he, poor dear man——left me his whole fortune.

Mrs. Quail now prepared to go; ſhe added many petulant reproaches to Mrs. Oſwarne, for not weeping with her, in conſideration of her misfortunes; and, while ſhe was croſſing the room to retire, the door opened, and a lady was announced, who was in every reſpect the proper perſon for Mrs. Quail. Lady Kitty Condole was one of thoſe, *not* contemptible individuals, who make themſelves of ſome conſequence in the world, by eagerly running after the diſtreſſes of their friends, and plaguing them with that malignant ſympathy which aggravates every ſorrow and inflames every violence. At the ſight of Mrs. Quail, ſhe was tranſported with ſecret joy; ſhe ran to her: "My dear

"friend,

" friend, I have been ſeeking for you all
" the morning——How d'ye do?——
" You look very ill, indeed you do——
" come tell me all—there is ſome heavy
" woe labouring in your breaſt and you
" want ſome tender friend to adminiſter
" comfort in your hours of dejection.——
" Will you dine with me to-day? Do,
" and we will talk over all your ſorrows,
" for I love to hear them——come, and
" let us blend our ſighs together.—How
" do you ſupport it, my dear Quail?——
" Indeed, you have had anguiſh enough
" to kill twenty women—What reſolu-
" tion you muſt poſſeſs to bear up againſt
" ſuch cutting woes!——I was ſo ſorry
" when I heard of your laſt misfortune—
" How did it happen, my dear Quail?—
" tell me all about it——give me a true

" account

" account——I am not againſt hearing
" tales of woe.——Let the gay and the
" thoughtleſs ſwim down the ſtream
" of luxury and leave their friends and
" acquaintance on the barren ſhore, un-
" heeded and unhelped——Not ſo I——
" Ah! I have thought of you conſtantly,
" my dear, good Quail.——How does
" the pain in your hip, the inflammation
" in your eyes from weeping and wail-
" ing?——Have you recovered the loſs
" of your late lovely friend, Fanny Froſt,
" to whom you was ſo attached, that I
" thought her death would have killed
" you?——Let me ſee, then there's the
" robbery; have you recovered the fright?
" becauſe, if——

Mrs. Q. Ah! dear Lady Kitty——you are too good to me——too good to

me indeed——But none of theſe griefs are mine——I have no right, no claim to theſe misfortunes—I never had any thing ailed my hip——my eyes never even look red, which is a great mortification, for thence no one believes I ever ſhed a tear ——Fanny Froſt I never knew——and I never had any thing ſtolen in my life.

Lady K. Poor, dear, unhappy friend! ——Well, I am very ſorry for it—— you are much to be pitied ſtill——indeed you are.——How is your cough?

Mrs. Q. I have no cough——but I never ſleep ſound at night.

Lady K. I lament, from my ſoul, that unhappy propenſity.

Mrs. Q. I lay awake ſometimes from ſix o'clock in the morning till day-break, thinking of my misfortunes—then when nature,

nature, wearied out with the agitations of my mind, is quite exhauſted, I get a little ſleep, perhaps from eight till one, at which time I riſe; for, I am ſuch an invalid, that I can't get up earlier, ſince you know my reſt is ſo broken and irregular.

Lady K. C. Poor, good Quail! how I feel for you! What time d'ye go to bed?

Mrs. Q. It's ſhocking to conſider that people will make me ſtay, where I go to viſit, till eleven o'clock, though they know I am ſuch a valetudinarian.

Lady K. I thought your acquaintance, Mrs. Frankword, always lets you off when you would?

Mrs. Q. I'll never viſit her again, for the woman had the rudeneſs, when I was laſt there, to tell me "ſhe was ſure it was "not agreeable and therefore could not "preſs

« preſs me to ſtay :"——ſo, by that, ſhe turned me out of doors, without ſupper, and had the inſolence to hint that I ſhould ſoon get well, and live very happy, if I took her advice.

Lady K. Poor, dear Quail! they uſe you very ill——all alike——Well, how you do, to bear your grievances is to me aſtoniſhing! Here you are unhappy in your health, deſerted by your friends, or elſe abuſed by them——

Mrs. Q. O! they are always abuſing me——always pretending to ſpeak truth to me and inſulting my ſorrows by mitigation—That is not the way, you know, to make *me* better!—Lady Kitty, I have not a friend in the world——they all think I have no veracity in me——they all ſuppoſe I weep untruths; I cannot get 'em

to rely upon a ſingle ſigh—not a tear of mine is *current!* they deem them *light* woes and I cannot get 'em to paſs.—Now do you think me capable, Lady Kitty, of coining a cataſtrophe?—No, madam, in *my* ſorrows you may plainly diſcern the hand of Providence; it is clearly written in every diſaſter—yes—all my woes, whether current or not, have the *Dei gratia* upon them.

Mrs. Quail here wept again, and her *tender* friend adminiſtered all the moſt *conſolatory* hints for future and additional misfortune. Mrs. Oſwarne attempted to ſoothe the poor woman by the common and vulgar expedients of depreciating the weight of her miſery, and irritated Mrs. Quail ſo much that ſhe flew from her preſence, vowing to expunge the name of

Oſwarne

Oſwarne from her remembrance. Lady Kitty followed in ſearch of freſh game. Emily, who had long wiſhed for their abſence, now retired to her own apartment, took pen and paper, and began writing to Lady Bryant. She had indited one line, when pauſing to conſider how ſhe might better expreſs herſelf, ſhe turned her eye to the window, which overlooked a diſtant view of a bye-road, where ſhe ſaw ſomebody on horſeback waving a hat. She looked at the perſon very attentively and at laſt recognized young Mr. Harwal, the ſon of Lord Warynton. Much agitated at ſeeing an acquaintance, ſhe went and mentioned him to Mrs. Oſwarne, who, after deliberately and tediouſly ſhewing her how this was a freſh proof of the indiſcretions in her late con-

duct, ſent a ſervant to invite him into the houſe. His fine, open countenance, frank addreſs, and negligent beauty, charmed Mrs. Oſwarne. He flew to Emily: "What a happineſs, madam, to have "found you——how charming you look! "neither anxiety nor danger can deprive "you of your attractions—— How I have "ſought for you! and if it had not been "for the providence of the blind god, "who vouchſafes to his votaries that diſ-"cernment which he wants himſelf, I "ſhould never have met with you." He then dropped on his knees and kiſſed her hand: "I never had any merit in *your* "eyes, nor any felicity in *my own*, till "this moment! the unexpected ſatisfac-"tion of reſtoring you to your friends "will delight me till death——Surely you

"will

" will find ſome method of reſtoring me " to myſelf!" He coloured very much; and, ſuddenly changing the ſubject, he intreated Mrs. Oſwarne's pardon for not paying his reſpects to her before. Emily thanked him for his good intentions, to which ſhe declared ſhe had no claim, but in one view: Harwal's eyes brightened at her declaration—" In any view, my little " ſervices, Miſs Emily, are honoured by " your notice; yet there is indeed no view " but one, in which you can receive them " as I wiſh."——" I am ſorry, Mr. Har- " wal, to be obliged by my declaration to " make ſo ill a return for *your* late anxiety " on my account——but I will diſmiſs a " ſubject ſo near my heart: I have ſtill " the higheſt reſpect for your family; but " I do not bluſh to declare, that one perſon

"in it has given me much uneaſineſs."—
Harwal again dropped on his knees: "Di-
"vine creature! you flatter me: but I am
"not vain enough yet—indeed I am not—
"to interpret your kind uneaſineſs"—
——"Pray, Sir, riſe: what will my
"friend, Mrs. Oſwarne, think? I ſhall
"be deemed guilty of even worſe impru-
"dence than I have already committed.
"I intreat you will riſe and not preſs
"my hand ſo violently. Conſider, Mr.
"Harwal"——"A reproach from Miſs
"Bryant is the worſt of puniſhments;
"her intereſt, her pleaſure, and her ſen-
"ſibility, are ſo near my heart that I can
"think of nothing elſe. But pray go
"on: you mentioned one perſon in my
"family; who is it? I hope I need not
"aſk."——"Indeed, Sir, you ought not

"to aſk; I have ſuffered much on that "perſon's account; and if delicacy and "reſpect forbid me to mention what, I "am afraid, is but too well known, I may "hope that you can diſcern who I mean, "without further explanation."——— "There wants no explanation, madam; "I will——I ought to ſpare you the "trouble of confeſſing what I have long "imagined; I only hope you will forgive "me for preſuming to conjecture the real "ſituation of a circumſtance in which I "am ſo much concerned."——"For- "give, Sir! I thank you for acknow- "ledging what I ſhould ſuppoſe you muſt "have perceived; and you ſurely will not "condemn me for any great indiſcretion "in hinting it to you in the diſtant man- "ner I have now done."——"I am ſo

" flattered by Miſs Bryant's confidence,
" that I never can make her a return: I
" ſhall now think myſelf bound to uſe
" my utmoſt efforts to reſtore you to the
" kindneſs of your family; from *me* that
" endeavour is ſurely due, after the noble
" and condeſcending confeſſion which you
" have made to me, and the influence *that*
" *one perſon* in my family has had over
" your heart entitles me to the honour of
" protecting and ſupporting you."——
" I certainly, Mr. Harwal, may have
" ſome claim to *your* intereſt, if you have
" any with your friends, for the reaſons I
" have juſt given: I hardly thought I
" could have prevailed upon myſelf to di-
" vulge a truth ſo important; but my
" preſent ſituation ſo far got the better of
" thoſe feelings, which female punctilio
" ſuggeſts,

" ſuggeſts, that perhaps I forgot propriety,
" and thought only of *your* candour and
" your friendſhip."——" Once more
Harwal dropped on his knees: " De-
" lightfully exquiſite woman! flower of
" truth and mirror of beauty, how I
" thank you for theſe acknowledgments!
" Expreſſion pants upon my tongue, when
" I attempt to thank you! the half-
" formed thought evaporates in rapture
" and I have none to plead the cauſe of
" my unequal tranſports but gratitude and
" love!"——" Bleſs me! Mr. Harwal,
" what's the matter? Once more, pray
" riſe. Heavens! you graſp my hands
" with ſuch eager rudeneſs that you diſ-
" treſs me. Pray, let me go. Surely you
" forget where you are! What can I
" have ſaid or done to encourage ſuch
" vio-

" violence?"—" Can I ever forget thoſe
" dear ſounds which but now glided into
" my ears? I muſt then indeed be the
" laſt, the leaſt, the loweſt of men: dull
" to a proverb, and as ignorant as dull, if
" I could miſapprehend them."——" Sir,
" you preſume upon your acquaintance
" with me! Already I ought to have told
" you, that you never can make amends
" for the grief I have ſuffered from that
" perſon in your family, who ſeems leaſt
" able, and leaſt willing, to heal the
" wounds I ſuſtain in my mind."——
" Neither able nor willing, madam! That
" perſon is both; is ready to offer"——
" That perſon is my greateſt enemy, Sir,
" and as ſuch I muſt ever avoid farther
" intercourſe with them."—— " Miſs
" Emily! are you ſerious?—You ſhock
" me!"

"me!"——"I am, indeed, Mr. Harwal;
"and never will I admit that perſon's ac-
"quaintance again. I own myſelf ſorry
"for it, as ſhe is your mother!"

A long ſilence, during which Harwal was petrified with wonder and diſappointment, ſucceeded Miſs Bryant's ſpeech: after ſome time he recovered himſelf; and, colouring with repeated fluſhings—"*My* "*mother!*——Good heavens, how have "we miſunderſtood one another! But you "jeſt with me——I am ſure you do—— "*My mother!* I did indeed ſuppoſe that "you had the regard for her which ſhe "deſerves; but I flattered myſelf——but "I am all aſtoniſhment——Do not deſpiſe "me for a fooliſh preſumption, madam, "if it is very true what is reported of me, "I only live to love; and ſince that is

"my

" my character, I muſt diſgrace it, not to " adore Miſs Bryant"——

Emily's wonder, as well as Mrs. Oſwarne's, who had long ſat ſilent, was now not leſs than his own: the latter at length ſpoke, to indulge herſelf in cenſure: " In- " deed, young gentleman, you have been " ſtrangely miſtaken; this is not a ſeaſon " to talk of love."——Emily purſued the diſcourſe: " I find then, Sir, that it was " a raſh inclination, not a friendly regard, " that led you to ſeek for me: I am " ſorry, Mr. Harwal, you have had ſo " much trouble; I fear, ſhould his lord- " ſhip hear that you are ſo raſh, you may " experience the utmoſt weight of his diſ- " pleaſure." Harwal frowned, and looked indignant: " I know neither hope nor " fear, madam, but as love directs: if I

" had

" had not ſlighted the ſafety of my perſon
" and my heart both, you would not ſee
" me now in your preſence: I ſpurn all
" ties and all ſecurity, when paſſion, plea-
" ſure, or gallantry, are my guides; and,
" as there is no fear can detach me from
" a woman I adore, there is no temptation
" can interfere with her intereſts in my
" heart. You look upon me as young and
" preſuming; as too much of a boy to
" merit your partiality. Lord Spelman,
" madam, is more of a man, for he has
" loſt four years in idle purſuits more than
" I have——I am only his equal in rank,
" ſince he is in full poſſeſſion of his anceſ-
" tor's follies, and *mine* are but in rever-
" ſion——I cannot illuſtrate my vices by
" titular dignity, except in the way of
" poſt-obit ——the cool climate of his

" mind ſuits *your* diſpoſition better than
" the genial temperature of mine, which
" was born under the Line of love: you
" may, it is plain, aſſure yourſelf of his
" high-breeding and ſubmiſſion to your
" conduct, for you ſee he never once has
" preſumed to intrude upon your flight;
" he has civilly left you to the care of the
" inſolent robber or the midnight raviſh-
" er; and, placing a confidence equally in
" your undiſturbed judgment and bodily
" ſtrength, on ſuch an occaſion, he waits
" with philoſophical and conjugal calm-
" neſs, the return of ſuch a miſtreſs! I
" am, perhaps, properly puniſhed for my
" *far-fetched* ſucceſs, in not waiting till
" I had a permiſſion to relieve you
" from danger, for daring to inſult you
" by an unwelcome reſcue! I am ſenſible

" of

" of my error and will endeavour to
" repair it by informing Lord Spelman,
" that he may now approach you without
" fear of offending you by timely aſſiſt-
" ance or neceſſary protection, and that
" now is his time again to offer you his
" heart, while it is unblemiſhed by raſh
" fidelity and when he is ſure of being
" loved *for himſelf alone.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

For manners and life, quicke wittes commonlie be in deſire new fangled, in purpoſe unconſtant, light to promiſe any thing, ready to forget every thing, both benefite and injurie: and thereby neither faſt to frend, nor fearfull to foe; inquiſitive of every trifle, not ſecret in greateſt affaires, bolde with any perſon, buſie in every matter, ſothing ſuch as be preſent, nipping any that is abſent . . . . . and by quickneſſe of witt, verie quicke and readie to like none ſo well as themſelves.

ROGER ASCHAM—*The Schole Maſter, in his Works*, p. 207.

AT the concluſion of Harwal's ſpeech, Mrs. Oſwarne ſmiled; but Emily really pitied his agitation. She had, before her flight, ſometimes perceived his growing paſſion, but, as ſhe avoided being alone with him, he never revealed it, except

cept once in a copy of verſes. She now aſſured him that Lord Spelman had not the leaſt ſhare in her affection; that the motives to her flight principally aroſe from the intended match with that nobleman; that whatever eſteem and reſpect ſhe had for Mr. Harwal, ſhe could never permit him to declare any partiality for her, when he muſt be ſenſible how inveterate his family would be againſt ſuch a ſtep; that the principal cauſe of her paſt ſufferings, and of her preſent unhappineſs, was his mother, Lady Warynton, whoſe malignity and impertinence——Harwal here ſuddenly ſtopped her: "How much I adore you, Miſs Bryant, "need not be told; I have a very high "ſenſe of your accompliſhments and ſtill "higher of your virtues; and would abide

" by your ſentence in any cauſe—but, I
" muſt intreat you not to wound my heart,
" by reprobating the conduct of my mo-
" ther: whatever you may ſuppoſe of her
" imaginary errors, I cannot allow myſelf
" to hear of them: if you want an excuſe
" for your elopement, *my* character is at
" your ſervice; repreſent *me*, if you think
" fit, as an inſolent aſpirer at your heart
" and hand; brand me with the odious
" epithet of a lover, and debaſe me, from
" the *lofty* character of a careleſs and
" negligent acquaintance, to the *deſpicable*
" ſituation of an anxious and faithful ad-
" mirer—but I muſt deny you any right to
" involve my mother either in *your* raſh-
" neſs or in my folly."—Emily was
ſtruck with his filial virtue; ſhe made many
apologies for her vehement cenſure of his
mother;

mother; ſhe requeſted him, with Mrs. Oſwarne's permiſſion, to remain, during that evening, at the houſe; and ten minutes reſtored harmony to the mind of Mr. Harwal.

The night approached, and at twelve they all retired to their chambers. Miſs Bryant ſtayed ſome time with Mrs. Oſwarne, who afterwards croſſing the ſtair-caſe, ſaw from a window an appearance of a fire, which proved afterwards to be only lights in the ſky. To have a better view of them, Mrs. Oſwarne aſcended to another ſtair-caſe, and as ſhe came by the door of a little chamber, where her houſe-maid ſlept, ſhe heard a whiſpering, and was ſtruck with theſe words: "Indeed, "Sir, I don't think her ſo pretty as you "do; to be ſure, ſhe has been well taught

" and is very good-natured, but, you know,
" that is not all: however, Sir, I wiſh
" you would go down; for, if any body
" hears you"——A voice, which Mrs.
Oſwarne knew to be Harwal's, anſwered:
" This cap, that hangs up here, is very
" handſome; and what's here? a pair of
" pockets, quite empty—there's nothing
" I deteſt like empty pockets: let me ſee;
" I had the niceſt brighteſt pocket-piece
" about me to give you—— O there it is!
" Have you ſeen any of the new guineas?
" There; it's ſo brilliant, you may ſee the
" king's or your own face in it."——
The girl curtſied: " No, Sir, I ſhall
" always ſee *your* face in it; and you
" know, Sir, it may not be long before
" they are both *changed*."—" Well ſaid!
" Faith, you're quite awake."——" To
" be

" be ſure, Sir: law! you would not have " me aſleep at ſuch a time as this, when " you're here!"——Mrs. Oſwarne retired to Emily, who was infinitely vexed at what ſhe heard. The former immediately added: " You ſee now, my dear " young lady, how wrong it was in you " to admit this lad here; I knew it was " indiſcreet while you was inviting him, " but what could I do? Then there was " your other failing, of letting me go up " the ſtairs to look at the lights, by which " I fell into this horrible ſituation of diſ- " covering them——Add to that, the un- " pardonable error of not calling me down, " which would have ſaved my modeſty; " and, cloſing the catalogue by that im- " prudent frailty, the now letting them be " undiſturbed—and I think your conduct

"is complete." Emily was offended but ſhe knew not what to ſay: ſhe well knew that Mrs. Oſwarne, after the manner of many others, cheriſhed in her diſpoſition that vile, deteſtable, and puſillanimous principle of oppreſſing thoſe who are already in a ſtate of dejection, merely becauſe they cannot, or dare not, retort the malignity of their enemies. That poor and puny expedient, which is ſo often uſed to gratify arrogance, Emily had not the courage to repel; and Mrs. Oſwarne, with all the execrable and inſidious frankneſs which conceals and points *the dagger of friendſhip*, felt *anxious* concern for the indiſcretions of her gueſt.

After conſidering Harwal's follies in every point of view, Mrs. Oſwarne laid ſome plan for puniſhing ſuch an offender: ſhe

ſhe called her own female ſervant, and the houſekeeper, whom ſhe knew were not yet gone to bed, as Mrs. Oſwarne had not rung for the former to attend her. The three left Emily in Mrs. Oſwarne's apartment, and all repairing to the chamber where Harwal was to ſleep, they ſhut the door; and Mrs. Oſwarne, ſitting down, attended by her two domeſtics, waited his return, which they knew muſt be ſpeedy, as one of them ſlept in the room with the houſemaid. In a quarter of an hour Harwal approached; and, treading very ſoftly, opened the door of his chamber. His aſtoniſhment and confuſion, at ſeeing Mrs. Oſwarne, continued but a few minutes. "This happineſs, madam, I did "not expect; I thought you were in bed, "and your handmaids too."——"I am

" very ſorry to find, Mr. Harwal, that,
" to the follies which you poſſeſs, you
" ſtudiouſly add a depravity ſo baſe and
" ſo bad, ſo pernicious, and ſo incurable,
" that I fear even my friendly hints of
" degeneracy will never be effectual to
" your cure. Why, Sir, are the rights of
" hoſpitality broken into? why do you
" come here to indulge your paſſions, at
" the expence of honour and decency?
" Do you know, Sir, how many enormi-
" ties are to be enumerated in what you
" have been doing?"——" Upon my
" honour, madam, I did not count"——
" O fie, Sir! I bluſh for your callous
" indifference! Then I'll tell you. In the
" firſt place, murder, for you have extin-
" guiſhed the vital principles of modeſty;
" in the next, theft, for you have robbed
" her

" her of her fame; in the third, idolatry,
" for you was worſhipping an idol, when
" you ought to have been worſhipping
" your Maker; in the fourth, you have
" broken the Sabbath, for it was paſt
" twelve o'clock on Saturday night when
" you came up ſtairs; in the fifth, you
" have diſhonoured your father and mo-
" ther; and, if you go on at this rate,
" your days will not be long in the land:
" then, Sir, you have committed adultery,
" for the wench is to be married next
" year: alſo, you have borne falſe witneſs
" againſt your neighbour, for you told
" the girl that ſhe was very pretty, and
" we all know ſhe is as ugly as ſin: to
" conclude, you have coveted my maid-
" ſervant, which juſt makes a breach of
" eight out of the Ten Commandments:

" ſo

"ſo there have you gone, Sir, full of in-
"temperance, wickedly, and wantonly,
"in my houſe, you have, at one blow,
"damaged the Decalogue."——"So did
"Moſes, madam, as he came down from
"the Mount."——"I ſee, young gen-
"tleman, you are very far gone in ſin:
"take care, pray, and let me deſire that,
"as I have now made you acquainted
"with all your vices, you will leave this
"place to-morrow. As to the huſſey, I
"ſhall take care of her; ſhe ſhall poſt
"away too."——Harwal, though he had no ſorrow on his own account, was much concerned for the poor girl, whom he had in ſome meaſure ſeduced: putting on an air of great ſurprize, he gravely aſked Mrs. Oſwarne, What ſhe could mean?——"I mean, Sir, that my houſe is not

"to

" to be made a convenient place for peo-
" ple who come to it."——" So I find,
" madam, if one cannot get to bed with-
" out theſe interruptions; beſides, really,
" your bringing two people with you, hurts
" my delicacy ſo much, that though I
" might, perhaps, do all in my power to
" oblige *you*, yet you muſt allow ſome-
" thing for one's natural feelings."——
" Sir, I have a right to"——" Very true,
" ma'am; but we can ſettle matters.—
" There, Betty, Molly, Suſan, my good
" girls, go down ſtairs; we ſhall not have
" occaſion for you——This is the oddeſt
" cuſtom I ever ſaw!"——" O ſhame!
" Mr. Harwal, how can you throw out
" ſuch"——" Throw! Madam, you
" miſtake the matter; I certainly meant
" to throw the handkerchief, and here

" you

" you have brought people to throw the
" ſtocking, which, on theſe occaſions, is ne-
" ver done—No, no, my pretty creatures,
" leave your lady and me together and do
" not compel her to coy away the time,
" which might be ſo much better em-
" ployed."——" I'll tell you what, Sir,
" your inſolence of inſinuation is ſo great
" that I tremble at being expoſed to it."
——" Why ſo, madam? I have the moſt
" reaſon to tremble; here, not content
" with laying ſiege to me yourſelf, you
" lead on your Amazons to take me by
" ſtorm! 'Pon my ſoul, it's too hard."—
The girls burſt into fits of laughter and
Mrs. Oſwarne was much confuſed: " That
" vile huſſey!—Go, one of you and bring
" her here inſtantly."——Unfortunately,
ſhe named no name and they both ran
out

out with the eager malignity of jealous envy. The inſtant they were out, Harwal flung the door to; and, locking it, took out the key on the inſide. His aſpect terrified her ſo much that ſhe could not ſpeak; but he began by pacifying her with all the eloquence he was ſo much maſter of.

The girls returned with their priſoner; and he immediately cried out: "Nay "now, dear madam, give me the key— "Any other time—but do, pray, let me "out now—what will the houſe think?— "I implore you to have ſome reſpect for "my character!" This intreaty excited peals of laughter among the maids, who were obliged to go away, leſt their miſtreſs ſhould hear their merriment; and in the midſt of Mrs. Oſwarne's agony, a ringing

ringing and hallooing was heard at the gate in the garden. Emily, who was ſtill up, diſpatched a ſervant to the place; and Harwal refuſing to releaſe Mrs. Oſwarne till ſhe came to terms of taking no notice of his late offence, Miſs Bryant ran up to her. The lamps on the ſtair-caſe had been extinguiſhed by the ſervant, preparatory to his going to bed; and Emily, not readily finding her way, retreated into an adjoining chamber. A confuſion of voices was heard upon the ſtairs and in the rooms below and people ſeemed to be rambling through them; but the ſpeakers ceaſed, in a few minutes, that they might proceed with leſs noiſe. Mrs. Oſwarne, who apprehended it was a party of robbers, ſcreamed out, which brought the perſons up ſtairs, who, without any cere-

mony, breaking open the door, entered the room, and preſented to the ſight of Mrs. Oſwarne and Harwal —— Lord Warynton, his father, Sir Edward Bryant, and Lord Spelman. Lord Warynton's aſtoniſhment was not leſs than his ſon's: "What, Tom! you dog, how came you "here!"—Sir Edward interrupted him: "I gueſs the matter, my lord; it was "hinted to me before, but I never be-"lieved it: he is the ſeducer, and this "woman, whom I looked upon as a friend, "is the infamous accommodator of his "ſchemes.——Tell me, young rakehell! "where is Emily? What vile means have "you uſed to draw her from my houſe?" ——With theſe words he collared him, which ſo enraged the lad, that, diſengaging himſelf from his gripe, he threw Sir Edward

Edward againſt the wall: "When you "learn to treat me without inſolence and "without falſehood, I may anſwer you; "but, till then, you may ſeek for one who "can inform you better: I beg your "lordſhip will not ſuppoſe me culpable of "ſeducing Miſs Bryant."——Mrs. Oſwarne, who was before too much amazed to ſpeak, now addreſſed her viſitors: "I "am ſhocked, gentlemen, at your ſuſ-"pecting me of a baſe connivance at the "villainy of others, when it is well known "that my great employment is to point "out to them their failings, their vices, "and their errors. Upon ſuch principles "I have made my houſe an aſylum for "Miſs Bryant; I have noticed all her ab-"ſurdities with due diſtinction and have "received all her miſtakes with hoſpitality.

"Why

"Why then, after all this, can you ſuſpect "me? My character for detection is ſo "well atteſted, all my friends know that "no frailty ever eſcapes me; I trace it "to its ſource, as Mr. Harwal can aſſure "you!"——Harwal began to be apprehenſive: "Among the depravities of "others, Mrs. Oſwarne, do not forget "your own; an intemperate attachment, "at your time of life, to ſo young a man "as"——"I beg, Mr. Harwal, you will "ceaſe your inuendos; this is not a time "to trifle, when the diſcovery of Miſs "Bryant's errors is at ſtake."—— Sir Edward Bryant interrupted her: "Where "is Emily? Let me ſee her inſtantly, or "by all that's ſacred I'll deſtroy every "body I find!" Harwal left the room, procured a light, and, tapping at the cham

ber where Miſs Bryant was, told her who was there. She was in violent agitations, and intreated him to prevail upon Mrs. Oſwarne not to diſcover where ſhe was. Harwal endeavoured to pacify her, and ſucceeded ſo well, that ſhe grew much more compoſed. At laſt, recollecting herſelf, ſhe took out her pencil, and wrote a few lines, which ſhe requeſted him to carry to her father. He obeyed her; and ſhe, locking the door after him, he returned to the other room.

Mrs. Oſwarne intreated the gentlemen to walk down into the other apartments, with which they were ſteadily refuſing to comply, when Harwal re-entered. He preſented the paper to Sir Edward, who read as follows:

"The terror in which I write to you,
"deareſt Sir, only permits me to tell you,
"that to the generoſity and friendſhip of
"Mr. and Mrs. Oſwarne, I am indebted
"for an eſcape from ruin. After the ſtep
"I have taken, you will probably expect
"me to approach you with ſhame and
"contrition. I muſt refuſe ſuch a degra-
"dation. I have acted, if imprudently,
"not from vicious inclination, but from
"wretched compulſion. The claims to
"which I am entitled, by my birth, my
"fortune, and my conduct, have been
"cruelly denied me; and the reaſons for
"ſuch treatment I am yet to learn. I
"can ſay no more; but that unleſs you
"grant me that ſituation to which I have
"every right, I ſhall take refuge in any
"houſe where my happineſs is conſulted;

" on no other terms ſhall the combined
" powers of the whole world compel me
" to return home. If you have the can-
" dour of a friend, and the affection of a
" father, you will know how to value
" thoſe reſolute ſentiments; which, as they
" have deterred me from a miſerable deſ-
" tiny by marriage, may alſo preſerve me
" obedient to you, and true to my own
" honour; but, if you deſert me negli
" gently, or perſecute me tyrannically, in
" this hour of diſtreſs, you muſt anſwer
" for the commiſſion of thoſe indiſcretions
" to which I may be driven by the pecu-
" liar cruelty of my ſituation. I am,
" whatever you pleaſe to make me by
" tenderneſs and equity,

EMILY BRYANT.

Sir

Sir Edward, who, with all his levity, had a tender heart, pitied the diſtreſſes of Miſs Bryant; and, after vowing that ſhe ſhould be put in poſſeſſion of all that was her right, made many apologies to Mrs. Oſwarne, for ſuſpecting her of aiding the plot. Lord Warynton then called to his ſon: "And how, Tom, did you come "here? Why are you not at Eaton, Sir, "where I left you? By what means did "you prevail upon Miſs Bryant to run "away with you? What the devil do you "do, to think of women at your time of "life?"——"Indeed, my lord, I meant "no harm; I never run away with Miſs "Emily; I came to look for her, when I "heard ſhe was loſt, but that, you know, "was from my regard for Sir Edward."——"Your regard for Sir Edward, you

"young dog! How can"——"Yes, my "lord, juſt as your lordſhip, you know, "told Bulbus, your gardener, when he "caught you kiſſing his daughter, that "your partiality for every *branch* of the "family was ſo great, you could not help "taſting the fruit which he had ſo care-"fully reared."——"You ſon of a —— "let me come near you! How dare you "broach any of your lies here? Zounds! "I'll——but, tell me, thou graceleſs raſ-"cal, why you compare Miſs Bryant to "Betty Bulbus?"——"Why indeed, "my lord, I think ſhe is, in perſon, ra-"ther more like Lucy the dairy-maid, "with the black eyes: you know who I "mean, my lord!"——"*I know*, you "ſcoundrel! What d'ye mean?"—A uni-verſal ſhout of laughter, notwithſtanding

the

the melancholy letter they had juſt read, totally prevented Lord Warynton from going on; he looked very ſilly; and poor Tom, who was in ſome apprehenſion, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo, which is nearer the truth, kept the door in his hand.

Mrs. Oſwarne now aſked the gentlemen again to deſcend to another room, and ordered refreſhment to be prepared, while ſhe went and ſpoke to Emily. Lord Warynton and Lord Spelman agreed with Sir Edward, that every thing ought to be done to reſtore Miſs Bryant to her former eligible ſecurity, without treating her in the ſevere manner of which ſhe complained. Sir Edward then deſired Mrs. Oſwarne, at her return to them, to let him ſee her; to which Emily conſented, and Sir Edward was introduced to

her in another room. Emily, who disdained humiliation, and kept in her mind an idea something like Voltaire's: *La vertu s'avilit à se justifier**, received him with much dignity, and much sensibility. When he saw her, he took her by the hand: "I expected, Emily, that the sense "of your situation would have taught" ——"You see me, Sir, neither stung "with the idea of having committed "crimes, nor fraught with insidious de- "signs to practise, in future, any unbe- "coming enterprize. If I have erred in "the commission of the late bold act, I "wish to appeal to no other tribunal for "my acquittal, but your own heart. I "never forsook the paths of propriety, "till compelled by despotic and wanton

* In his *Oedipe*—Acte II.

"cruelty.

"cruelty. You, who have never felt
"the anguiſh of aſpiring hopes, elegant
"pleaſures, and lively fancies, diſappointed
"and degraded by arts too low to recol-
"lect, you may find the performance of
"every duty eaſily atchieved*. You had,
"perhaps, now rather behold me as a
"criminal, than as a child; you had
"rather gratify your anger, than your
"affection! Be it ſo. Cenſure me with

* "Thou, Tancred, better ſhould have underſtood,
"That, as thy father gave thee fleſh and blood,
"So gav'ſt thou me, not from the quarry hew'd,
"But of a ſofter mould, with ſenſe endu'd;
"Ev'n ſofter than thy own, of ſuppler kind,
"More exquiſite of taſte, and more than man refin'd:
"Nor need'ſt thou, by thy daughter, to be told,
"Tho' now thy ſprightly blood with age be cold,
"Thou haſt been young; and can'ſt remember ſtill,
"That when thou hadſt the pow'r, thou hadſt the will."

DRYDEN's *Sigiſmunda and Guiſcardo.*

"all

"all the fury of an enraged moraliſt; let "thoſe precepts which have ever regu- "lated *your own* conduct, and kept *you* "from the indiſcretions of youth with "ſuch ſucceſs, be brought in to accuſe "me of the moſt unpardonable offences; "let the name of Lady Bryant be added "to the names of thoſe virtues which "kindle emulation, infuſe gentleneſs, and "elevate maternal tenderneſs; I ſhall then "wait, Sir, with confident reliance on "that generoſity which you have *ſome-* "*times* ſhewn me, and on that convic- "tion which, when it does ſtrike you, "will amply vindicate my character, and, "I hope, preſerve my independance."

This lofty ſpeech, which would have irritated ſome fathers, had an effect quite different on Sir Edward Bryant. He held his

his daughter ſtill by the hand, aſſured her of his utmoſt endeavours to reconcile her to her mother. He blamed her gently for not having conſulted him before ſhe took ſo raſh a ſtep; which he told her, however ſkilfully ſhe might defend, was not, by any means, to be approved by thoſe who valued their reputation. He gave her an account how he came to know that ſhe was at Mr. Oſwarne's, which had been told him, by ſome unknown perſon, in a letter. He gave it to Emily, and ſhe found theſe were it's contents:

To Sir Edward Bryant, Bart.

Sir,

Though I have not the pleaſure of being known to you, I cannot omit communi-

cating

cating to you a piece of intelligence of the utmoſt conſequence to your happineſs and honour. It was my good fortune to hear lately, that a young lady, your daughter, has been led away by the inſinuating arts of a Mr. Oſwarne, whoſe general brutality of behaviour will preſerve him (as he ſuppoſes) from the ſuſpicion of being able to *ſeduce* any body. Improbable as this may ſeem, he now actually has your daughter at his houſe, where by this time, perhaps, (I lament to think it!) ſhe may be undone for ever. You will make what uſe you pleaſe of this information; it is ſufficient for me to have done my duty.

Your unknown well-wiſher.

Emily

Emily diſcovered the hand to be Mrs. Albin's; and ſhe wiſhed to relate the progreſs of her flight to Sir Edward. She therefore ſpoke an exordium, not too gentle in it's phraſeology: "If I could "depend on your candour, Sir, and if I "thought your favour was to be won by "frankneſs and veracity, I would wil-"lingly diſcloſe every circumſtance of "my departure, and the events attending "it; but I can hardly ſuppoſe you have "that regard for me, which is ſufficient "to make you deny yourſelf the pleaſures "of cenſure. In the ſame ſituation, you "might find apologies for another, but for "me"——"Do you think then, Emily, "that I have not more regard for you than "for others?"——"Perhaps ſo, Sir; "but I have generally obſerved, that the

"partiality

"partiality of many parents is not ſo
"pleaſant, nor ſo fond, though it may be
"more violent, than the regard of a friend.
"If you love a friend, you do not only
"conceal his faults, but you are abſolutely
"blind to them; you never diſcover that
"they are failings in him: but to a child
"you are ſo *affectionately* clear-ſighted,
"ſo *impartially* judicial, ſo *dexterouſly*
"good, that no deviation from the moſt
"correct propriety ever eſcapes you. A
"parent, Sir, if compoſed of modern
"materials, has *almoſt* all the requiſites
"for a good ſurgeon; an *eagle's eye*, and
"a *lion's heart*: but then the third quali-
"fication is miſerably wanting; for, in
"the correction of our errors, we ſeldom
"meet with a *lady's hand!*" Sir Edward,
who loved ſarcaſm, readily forgave her
this

this ſpeech; and, upon receiving his full pardon, ſhe gave him the detail of her reſidence at Albin's. Sir Edward then kiſſed her, inquired what ſhe wiſhed for to make her happy, and promiſed her every gratification that liberty could ſupply, without indiſcretion. She required an allowance conſiſtent with the fortune to which ſhe was heireſs, independent of Sir Edward, and full liberty to go where ſhe pleaſed with women of character, independant of Lady Bryant; that ſhe ſhould not be obliged to liſten to the addreſſes of Lord Spelman; and that, if Lady Bryant would not accede to theſe propoſitions, that ſhe ſhould be permitted to reſide with Mrs. Ellyſon, whoſe friendſhip would afford her every pleaſure, whoſe virtues would confer every ſanction, and whoſe

accompliſhments would contribute every improvement that could be required by the moſt rigid moraliſt, or wiſhed by the ſincereſt friend. Emily Bryant, when ſhe ſpoke earneſtly, diſplayed a dignity of ſtyle, and an emphaſis of geſture, which, perhaps, more than became her. When ſhe ſpoke thus deciſively, ſhe ſelected her expreſſions from the moſt powerful, and ſometimes from the moſt turgid, ſhe could diſcover. She knew that, in an addreſs, language was every thing*; and ſhe her-

* "Language moſt ſhews a man: ſpeak, that I may "ſee thee; it is the image of the parent of it, the "mind. No glaſs renders a man's form, or likeneſs, "ſo true as his ſpeech. Nay, it is likened to a man: "and as we conſider feature and compoſition in a man, "ſo words in language; in the greatneſs, aptneſs, ſound, "ſtructure, and harmony of it," &c.

See Ben Jonſon's Diſcoveries, page 117, in a tract lately re-publiſhed by an editor, whoſe profound and ſplendid erudition does ſo much honour to a learned age.

ſelf always called it *the ſinew of conqueſt*. Sir Edward was affected by her pathetic earneſtneſs, and awed by her diſtant and commanding ſolemnity. He pledged his word for the performance of all ſhe deſired; and, after kiſſing her again, told her he would introduce her to his friends the next day, when they were both more compoſed: "I love you, Emily, and my "love to you is meritorious; you would "not be fond of me under ſuch circum-"ſtances."——"I thought, Sir, you had "forgiven me! Do you call back your "word after having pledged it?"—— "No, Emily; far be it from me to for-"feit my veracity—but I will not diſtreſs "you; you know not your ſituation, nor "half your mother's jealouſy—Yet I will "always be your friend, Emily; you

" may depend upon my affection for you.
" Come, let us ſay no more upon a ſubject
" which has always wounded my peace of
" mind." He then withdrew. Emily ſat for an hour, reflecting upon his reception of her; and at length, after ſending to Mrs. Oſwarne, and acquainting her with his conduct, ſhe retired to bed.

Mrs. Oſwarne gave invitations to the gentlemen to remain, during that night, at her houſe. After expreſſing proper reluctance, which they did not intend ſhe ſhould allow, they accepted her offer, and by three o'clock the whole family were at reſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride.

POPE's ESSAY *on* MAN.

AT breakfaſt the next morning, Emily appeared to meet the company; and Lord Spelman, who had heard of her averſion to his propoſals, generouſly withdrew to London, without ſeeing her, and communicated the intelligence of meeting with her to Lady Bryant.

At breakfaſt were preſent, Mrs. Oſwarne, Miſs Bryant, Sir Edward, Lord Warynton, and his ſon. The ſedulity of

Lord Warynton, to make himſelf agreeable to Emily, could be exceeded by nothing but the rivalſhip of Mr. Harwal.

Lord W. How charmingly you look, Miſs Bryant! who would ſuppoſe that you had ſuffered from your late accidents?——How I envy your family the pleaſure they muſt receive in your return! I cannot expreſs my joy at ſeeing you again.

Har. Then I'll endeavour, my lord, to do it for you.——You feel all that delight which is experienced by a tender uncle at the view of his admired niece; her beauties remind you of the felicity which you enjoyed at her age, and you——

Lord W. Silence! you impertinent blockhead——D'ye think Miſs Bryant does not underſtand me?

Har. Perfectly, my lord; that is the reaſon ſhe makes you no reply.

Lord W. Be quiet, you puppy——talking about uncles, and ages!

Mrs. O. Miſs Bryant's abſence will draw many obſervers of her conduct.

Har. As many as the tranſit of Venus, or the firſt benefit of Mrs. Woffington—Don't you think ſo, my lord?

Lord W. Why, you impudent dog, d'ye think I ever ſaw the firſt benefit of Mrs. Woffington?——Now I'm ſerious, Tom——take care what you ſay.—Pray, Miſs Bryant, excuſe this raſcal.—There, Tom, if you behave well, I ſhall get Miſs Bryant to overlook your folly.

Har. Certainly, my lord; for I make no figure at all, now——No, no, if I entertain her, it muſt be alone.

Lord W. Now, Tom, ſhe is very angry.——You won't believe me, but indeed ſhe is vaſtly diſpleaſed.—You had better go to town, Tom; do——Return to Eton, my dear boy——my dear little boy, return to your ſchool, and get your taſks; for, indeed, I am afraid you'll be whipped, if you do not——Nay, I'll make Miſs Bryant whip you.

Har. Well, my lord, then I ſhall kiſs the rod.

Sir Edward Bryant aſked Harwel, if he generally recommended himſelf to the ladies by epigrams.

Har. They never fail, Sir Edward, if there is any ſarcaſm on a female friend; for one woman can no more bear excellence in another, than an antiquated gallant can bear ſucceſs in a young one.

Lord

Lord W. You are unpardonably emphatical, Tom!

Breakfaſt being over, Sir Edward Bryant proceeded to return Mrs. Oſwarne many thanks for her very kind and hoſpitable reception of Emily; he entreated her to increaſe the obligation, by accompanying her to town, where Mrs. Oſwarne would be received by all Emily's friends with gratitude and rapture. This Mrs. Oſwarne declined; ſhe preferred waiting Mr. Oſwarne's return to the country. Emily, however, urged it with ſo much warmth, that ſhe at length prevailed.—Mrs. Oſwarne's carriage was ordered immediately, in which Mrs. Oſwarne and Emily went to London, attended by Sir Edward Bryant, Lord Warynton, and Mr. Harwal.

No remarkable occurrence took place till they came to town, where they arrived in the evening. Sir Edward ſent to inform Lady Bryant of their arrival, who was then in company with Lady Warynton, Lady Spelman, Mr. Bryant, and Lord Spelman. The latter would have taken his leave, but Lady Warynton, ever buſy and malignant, would not permit his departure. Emily was introduced to her mother by Sir Edward and Mrs. Oſwarne. Lady Bryant received her with haughty and ſullen contempt. Lord Spelman ſtood at a diſtance; and Lady Warynton remained chuckling with malicious laughter, at her own anticipation of Miſs Bryant's ſhame and diſtreſs. Sir Edward took her hand, and the hand of Lady Bryant: "Receive your daughter,

"Lady

" Lady Bryant, and let me be the medi-
" ator between you: any blame for her
" indiſcretions, I deſire you will ſink in
" the delight of ſeeing her again. Do
" you refuſe her hand? For ſhame, ma-
" dam!—Once more let me urge you to
" be tender and affectionate"——

Lady Bryant made no anſwer; but, withdrawing her hand, turned to Mrs. Oſwarne, with theſe words: " I am
" ſhocked, madam, that you have had ſuch
" an opportunity of beholding the follies,
" and the inconſiderate wildneſs, which
" diſgrace my family! An offender in this
" way cannot be puniſhed too ſeverely.
" Our obligations to you are ſo great, and
" our unhappy ſituation, on the ſubject
" of an unprincipled girl, ſo uncommon,

" that,

"that, I fear, you can ſcarcely refrain "from deſpiſing us."——

Sir Edward grew enraged at her cruelty; he again ſeized her hand with a violence which made her exclaim, and pulling her to Emily, forced her hand into that of her daughter. He then addreſſed her furiouſly: "By Heaven, you are un- "worthy of Emily's virtues! But take "care, Lady Bryant; beware of irritating "one who has it in his power to puniſh "your vindictive temper." Lady Bryant was terrified at his menaces; ſhe coldly took Emily's hand—hoped ſhe had not ſuffered much from her folly, and ſaid ſhe was glad to ſee her returned. Emily, who always maintained her own dignity, addreſſed her mother with affection, but yet with a ſuperior air: "Had I come

"home,

" home, madam, to ſeek forgiveneſs, I " ſhould only have betrayed myſelf more " extravagantly than I have done. My " follies I am too proud to defend; the " deviations I have made from my duty " to you, as a child, have been very duly " authorized by the cruelty you inflicted, " without provocation, and without mercy. " Let theſe be forgotten: that oblivion " which invelopes my faults, ſhall bury " the remembrance of your barbarity; I " will forget how little you have loved, " and how much I have ſuffered: I will " even bear ſome of thoſe *mechanical* " ſlights *, which, under the influence of

* " La vue de l'infortuné," ſays Helvetius, (De L'Eſprit, tom. II. diſc. iii. chap. 14.) " fait, ſur la plupart des hommes, l'effet de la tête de Méduſe; à ſon aſpect les cœurs ſe changent en rocher."

" your

" your ill-adviſing acquaintance, you will
" ſtill be unable to prevent yourſelf from
" ſhewing me. If you will yet diſplay
" ſome general regard, that conduct which
" reſtores me to ſafety, ſhall reſtore me to
" duty. I will eſtimate your little kind-
" neſſes, without inquiring the motives of
" your indulgence; and even, if you de-
" mand it, I will *ſubmit to be forgiven.*
" Do not imagine I am now making
" terms, or that I mean inſolently to pre-
" ſcribe to you your duty; for, if you
" thus conſtrue my preſent ſentiments, I
" ſhall be obliged to confeſs how much
" you have neglected it. I return to your
" houſe, not an abandoned eloper, to be
" mortified into a humility I have never
" deſerved, nor to catch at a refuſe of cle-
" mency, granted upon compulſion, with-
" out

" out ſincerity or benevolence; I return
" with a perfect reliance upon my father's
" honour and generoſity, who has pledged
" his ſolemn aſſurance, that I ſhall be
" treated with kindneſs, and protected from
" inſult. I will not abuſe his bounty,
" nor exact from you the performance of
" his promiſes: I will require from my
" mother neither affection, tenderneſs, or
" indulgence. Gratify your conſcious ſu-
" periority by calm indifference, or heart-
" felt contempt; but, in your outward
" deportment, I ought to demand, in juſ-
" tice to myſelf, if not from reſpect for
" your character, that politeneſs and eaſe
" which will ſecure my peace as your in-
" mate, when I am deprived of the fond-
" neſs due to your child. To freedom in
" my own actions, while they are regu-

" lated

" lated by propriety, my age, my rank,
" and my independance, fully entitle me,
" as well as a total exemption from the
" influence of thoſe malignant and im-
" pertinent intruders, who have already
" robbed me of a parent's love. On my
" own part, I will never be deficient in
" affection towards my mother, or grati-
" tude to my father: I will never meaſure
" my own actions, towards your ladyſhip,
" by the mere civility which I expect from
" you. I can never forget the duties,
" or forfeit the allegiance, of a daughter;
" and, when I delineated that plan of
" behaviour from you, by which you will
" elude kindneſs, and extinguiſh benefi-
" cence, I never intended to reſign all
" thoſe luxuries of virtue which conſtitute
" and recompence the duty of a child.

"My heart ſtill melts in tenderneſs at the "name of a mother, and beats with rap- "ture at the hope of diſplaying my affec- "tion. The errors which, in my ſitua- "tion, I ſcorn to vindicate, I ſhall alſo "diſdain to commit, but ſhall, even gladly, "dedicate my life to promoting the ho- "nour and the felicity of that parent who "receives me *civilly*, without joy and "without endearment."

The auditors of Emily were charmed with her dignity, and her complacence. Sir Edward embraced her; and Lady Bryant, at length, received her with a glimmering of kindneſs: even Lady Warynton was ſilent. After the glow of congratulation was over, they diſpatched a meſſenger to the houſe of Mr. Oſwarne, who had arrived at Sir Edward's the day before.

before. He had been prevented from again ſetting out for the country till that evening, and therefore came, accompanied by Leyland and Captain Stawley. They all ſupped at Sir Edward's. Grateful acknowledgments were made to them; and after the ladies retired, which was early, the party of gentlemen remained in jovial celebration of Emily's return, till late in the morning. Emily was highly gratified with her reception from them all; ſhe was leſs diſpleaſed than before at her late temerity; and ſhe went to bed, in the opinion of Cowley—

Cenſure's to be underſtood
The authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp Heaven ſets on all that's great and good.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

We gather roſes, though a ſharp thorn ſometimes invade the finger; we admire the ſea, though its waves are often deſtructive; we partake of the earth's productions, though it produces unwholeſome as well as wholeſome plants; and, do we not admire the ſun, though ſometimes its rays are ſearching?

MARGARETTA, *Counteſs of Rainsford.*

. . . . My love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul!

Twelfth Night, Act II. ſc. 4.

BRUCE had carefully ſhunned the preſence of Miſs Bryant during the few hours after her return. Some mode of diſcovery was requiſite to prevent her

ſurpriſe from divulging the ſecret of his diſguiſe; he therefore wrote the following letter:

Lovely Emily,

You are well convinced that every ſtep you take, let the world form what opinions they pleaſe, only adds to the luſtre of your character in my eſtimation. The late elopement, I venture to aſſure myſelf, was the effect of either cruel neceſſity, or political ſkill. If it was laudable, I ſhall be charmed to praiſe it; if imprudent, I ſhall be ſolicitous to forget it. It is long ſince we have met: may you have thought the period of our abſence but half as tedious as I have done! I promiſe myſelf ſome portion of your applauſe (which is the

the ſummit of my ambition) when I inform you, that I at preſent reſide in the ſame houſe with the object of my tendereſt affection. Like your guardian ſylph, I daily ſhall hover round my beauteous charge, content to hear the muſic of your voice, till I can prevail upon you to receive, in a more ſacred manner, thoſe vows which my heart has ſo often made, and ſo frequently offered to your ſerious conſideration. I have not time to ſay much more. Under the diſguiſe of Lady Bryant's footman, by the name of James Watſon, I ſhall have the honour to attract your notice. Here, my Emily, we may often meet; and I hope that your own natural beneficence, and (may I ſay) your partiality for your devoted admirer, will urge

you ſoon to beſtow that hand, in the poſſeſſion of which every one will envy the felicity of your

Ever faithful friend and ſervant,

GEORGE BRUCE.

This letter he dexterouſly conveyed to a chamber, where ſhe entered, a few minutes after he had laid it on the table, and retired. She peruſed it with eagerneſs and tranſport: ſhe was charmed with the unexpected gallantry of Bruce's diſguiſe, and infinitely conſoled for her paſt ſufferings by the conſtancy of his regard. She ſat down and wrote a few lines on paper with her pencil:

"To deny that I am delighted with "the firmneſs of your attachment, and "pleaſed with the ingenuity of your "counter-

" counterfeit character, would wear ſuch
" an appearance of groſs affectation, that
" I cannot permit myſelf to exhibit. You
" have indeed, my friend, proved your
" ſincerity and ardour, by the moſt indiſ-
" putable evidence. The acknowledg-
" ments of my partiality which I have
" formerly made, it would ill become me
" to retract; be aſſured, that I will exert
" my utmoſt endeavours to mitigate the
" inconveniences of your preſent ſituation;
" and to extricate you from it as ſoon as
" you wiſh.

Your's ever moſt ſincerely,

EMILY BRYANT.

The ſhortneſs of the note enabled Miſs Bryant to fold it into a ſmall compaſs;

the only method of facilitating its conveyance. How to effect the latter, ſhe was utterly at a loſs; and while revolving various ſchemes in her mind, ſhe was ſummoned to coffee. The firſt object that ſhe ſaw, when ſhe entered the room, was Bruce, who ſtood near Lady Bryant. Their eyes met, and darted the fire of love and rapture at the interview. Emily bluſhed violently; and walking to her ſeat, remained in a penſive mood, till Lord Warynton came up, and ſitting near her, *chatted* her into a ſprightly humour. She preſently, however, thought of her letter, and diſtreſſed how to convey it to Bruce, ſhe ſent Lord Warynton to look at a picture on the oppoſite ſide of the room; and, having drank her coffee, ſhe ſlided the little billet into the empty cup; then calling,

calling, "James, take this cup;" ſhe delivered it to him by that very dangerous expedient. Bruce, ſeeing the manœuvre, prevented any other ſervant from receiving the cup, and took the note. When tea was finiſhed, he retired to peruſe it; and, perfectly pleaſed with its contents, he now employed himſelf in forming ſchemes for a ſpeedy union with Emily. Many unſucceſsful efforts were made by the lovers to meet privately, to ſpeak the language of the heart, and to congratulate each other upon the lucky arrangement of circumſtances which procured them ſuch a happineſs. In four or five days, they had been ſo accuſtomed to exchange looks at every opportunity, that they omitted that prudence which at firſt partly reſtrained their ardour. One tender glance was

remarked by Lady Bryant and Lady Warynton, who indeed were frequently ſurveying Emily with envious attention, and who, unconſcious of the diſcovery, continued permitting her eyes to wander very frequently towards the object of her eſteem. No notice was at that time taken by Lady Bryant; her plans of future policy were formed in private with Lady Warynton. The next day afforded Emily and Bruce the long-wiſhed-for opportunity of meeting. Miſs Bryant was not very well, and the whole family dined at Lord Warynton's, leaving Emily with Lady Lucy Veer, who, in one of her childiſh caprices, ſtudied to ſhew her a profuſion of civilities. She dined with her, and brought in her carriage ſeveral little preſents, the produce of a ſudden

paroxyſm

paroxyſm of generoſity. In the evening ſhe went away; and it was then that Bruce attended Emily in Sir Edward's library, where they paſſed two hours. This interview ſettled the important circumſtance of their marriage, for which Bruce's arguments were drawn from enumerating the various lovers with whom Sir Edward had threatened to perſecute her ſince her return. Sir Edward earneſtly wiſhed to ſee Emily married: he knew her mother too well, to ſuppoſe that ſhe would behave to her with tenderneſs, or even bear her beauties with common humanity: he had therefore, ever ſince her arrival in London, ſought for ſome worthy character, among his friends, who might become her admirer, and prevent, by marriage, any additional indiſcretion. He

collected

collected ſeveral to his table that ſhe might judge of them ſoon, that they might be ſtruck with her accompliſhments, and ſolicit her as a wife. Theſe conſiderations proved ſucceſsful for Bruce; and after ſome reluctance, ſhe at length rewarded his conſtancy, affection, and ſkill, by promiſing him her hand in a few days. The converſation ended, and Bruce retired. At night, when Lady Bryant returned, ſhe ſent for Emily; and, after kiſſing her with an unaccountable ardour, ſhe addreſſed her in theſe words: "Do "not fear, Emily, to open your heart to "me with ſincerity and confidence: I am "very certain you have a ſecret in your "mind, which you are afraid to diſcloſe; "I ought to know it, and I promiſe you "my utmoſt candour and kindneſs."—

Emily

Emily trembled at her words, and the look that accompanied them: ſhe then proceeded to diſavow any idea of what ſhe meant, which her ladyſhip totally cruſhed by ſaying, "I deſire, madam, to know "what intereſt James has in your heart:— "you tremble! your colour leaves you! "I knew it was ſo! I hope you will take "my word again." Emily again denied her conſciouſneſs of what was inſinuated; but, after ſome altercation, Lady Bryant, putting on a calm air, eaſed her fears by the following extraordinary ſpeech:

"You know little of me, Emily, as a "mother, becauſe you deny me that ſhare "of praiſe which is due to one who wiſhes "you well, and who has no other view in "reproving your faults, but to make you "more worthy her affection. It is *my* duty,

" duty, you muſt be ſenſible, to rectify
" thoſe little errors which youth and in-
" experience produce; not that I mean
" to ſay there have been many, as your
" character in the world will too ſtrongly
" teſtify, but they have been ſuch, as
" drove me to the cruel neceſſity of being
" occaſionally a little ſevere. With all
" your ſlight deviations from prudence, I
" ſtill love you, my child, and have long
" ſought for ſome great opportunity to
" prove my partiality: it is now arrived;
" and I pledge my honour to you, in the
" moſt ſacred manner, that I will be ſe-
" cret and active in your ſervice, if you
" will depend upon my care. I wiſh to
" ſhew you, that my paſt reproofs have
" not ariſen from malignity, but from
" the ſame kindneſs which now animates

" my

" my diligence. Do not bluſh for what
" you cannot avoid; I ſee you love
" James——Nay, do not ſtart, for the
" truth is written as legibly in your coun-
" tenance, as in your mind. Some pa-
" rents would be violent in their cenſure
" of this inclination: but ſee the differ-
" ence; an opportunity ariſes wherein I
" can ſhew myſelf as a mother, and I em-
" brace it with readineſs. After all, I
" find it difficult wholly to blame your
" choice, if we could take away the in-
" digence which, I am ſure, James has
" ſo ill deſerved: he is an uncommon
" young fellow; he has activity, vivacity,
" good temper, and even elegance of
" manners. I cannot but think him of
" high deſcent, reduced by misfortunes to

" his

" his preſent ſituation,—be it ſo; I am
" willing to think it, and to promote
" whatever you deſire, in a prudent way;
" but recollect, the ſecret muſt remain
" with me; if once divulged I have no
" longer any power to ſerve you. While
" I can help you, depend upon the ad-
" vice, the aid, and the approbation of
" your mother."

At the cloſe of this ſpeech, Emily was wrapped in ſilent wonder: the ſmiles, and the apparent ſincerity of her mother, were ſo new to her, that ſhe could hardly give credit to what ſhe ſaw. She ſtruggled againſt revealing the ſecret for ſome time; but the full conviction of her ladyſhip being acquainted with the truth, prevailed upon her at laſt to confeſs it, without

diſcovering Bruce's real name or rank. Lady Bryant heard her account with pleaſure and ſurpriſe; and, after promiſing her again every aſſiſtance ſhe could wiſh for, diſmiſſed her to bed with a kiſs of approbation. On this occaſion, how juſtly may be applied to Emily that paſſage in the life of Don Carlos, ſon to Philip II. when he found at dinner a paper under his plate, with theſe words: "From deſ-
"perate ſituations we can only be ex-
"tricated by extraordinary reſolutions:
"thoſe on whom Providence has laviſhed
"qualities, which muſt make many others
"happy, are under a neceſſity of accom-
"pliſhing their deſtiny, which prevails
"over all other obligations. Generous
"minds periſh only from not forming

"opinions

" opinions of the vicious with ſufficient " deteſtation, &c." (See the continuation in Don Carlos, Nouvelle Hiſtorique; Oeuvres de St. Real, tom. I.)

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

If Virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write;
All things, but one, you can reſtore;
The heart you get returns no more.

WALLER.

Qui ſe pique d'être juſte eſt un méchant ami, ou ſe ſent un grande diſpoſition à l'être.

ST. EVREMOND.

EARLY the next morning, Emily found an opportunity to diſcover to Bruce, Lady Bryant's knowledge of her partiality for James. His ſurpriſe and apprehenſion were very ſtrongly excited, and all his ſenſations were abſorbed in aſtoniſhment at her account of the gene-

roſity and candour with which Lady Bryant treated her daughter, on the detection of this amour. After canvaſſing her conduct, they both diſcovered in it the baſeſt principles of inſidious villainy. The pretended benevolence of Lady Bryant was palpably exerted to give the deciſive blight to her daughter's reputation: to marry her to a domeſtic, that ſhe might be thence precluded from all poſſible lenity in the opinions of different friends, and to prevent her alliance with ſome man of rank, character, and fortune, whoſe ſplendid ſituation would emblazon her beauty, and whoſe exalted virtues would enſure her happineſs. The promiſed ruin would ſink her into diſgrace, and deſtroy all the luſtre of thoſe accompliſhments, which eclipſed her mother in every circle. Emily was

ſome

ſome time before ſhe could imagine Lady Bryant capable of ſuch nefarious conduct; but it was ſo clearly pointed out to her by Bruce, that ſhe at laſt ſaw it's full iniquity. Upon mature conſideration, however, they found it ſo lucky an event, that they congratulated themſelves upon it's occurrence. They determined to avail themſelves of Lady Bryant's *kindneſs*, and to conceal from her Bruce's real name and rank. They ſeparated, and Emily ſoon after went to breakfaſt.

During the repaſt, Sir Edward made a declaration to her of ſome conſequence. He told her that he thought it his duty, as her beſt friend, to render her, if poſſible, happy for life: that he gave her his honour he would never violate the promiſe he had made her, of free liberty in the

choice of a huſband; but that, as he earneſtly deſired to eſtabliſh her proſperity, he would introduce to her acquaintance ſome of his friends, who, from the report of her valuable qualities, and the view of her elegant perſon, were ſtrenuouſly ſolicitous for the poſſeſſion of her heart and hand. He again renewed his promiſes of not interfering either in her particular choice, or her total rejection of any admirer; but informed her, that his anxiety for her welfare had induced him to invite to dinner the various candidates for her attention, on the different enſuing days; he hoped ſhe would receive them with that politeneſs for which ſhe had been ever diſtinguiſhed; and, if ſhe diſapproved them, that ſhe would decline their vows without incurring their cenſure. Emily aſſented

aſſented very readily to his propoſitions; ſhe declared ſhe ſhould be happy to acquieſce in his wiſhes, and promiſed to decorate herſelf, againſt their arrival, with proper embelliſhments of good humour and vivacity.

CHAP. XXX.

Benevolent ſpirits are ſufficiently happy in the noble conſciouſneſs that attends their benevolence.

CLARISSA—Mr. RICHARDSON.

BRUCE called the next morning, with a letter from Emily, at Oſwarne's, where he met Colonel Orford, juſt coming out, who had left the family in the utmoſt confuſion. A ridiculous event had happened, which may be a uſeful leſſon to furious puritans, and amorous huſbands. Oſwarne I have repreſented as a ferocious tyger to men, and a contemptible ſlave to women. He was for ever ſeeking ſome new object for intrigue, and

and paid very exorbitant fees for the privileges allowed him by public and private proſtitutes. He had ſeen Miſs Meredyth, had very artfully learned her ſecret character, which ſhe generally ſo well concealed; and having the good fortune to be of ſervice to her, under a feigned name, he continued his acquaintance; and, paſſing for a ſingle man, he obtained her favours, which he repaid moſt profuſely. In a fortnight, however, ſhe diſcovered who he was; and learning his name, place of abode, and ſituation in life, ſhe heard from a friend, that his treatment of Mrs. Oſwarne was ſhamefully brutal; that he denied her money very frequently, while he was laviſhing it away upon his pleaſures; and that ſhe, at length, knew Miſs Meredyth was his favourite friend. The

day when Bruce called, Ofwarne had carried Miſs Meredyth ſome elegant jewels, and two hundred pounds in bank notes. She received them gratefully; and after he left her, ſhe, by an exquiſite effort of generoſity and ſkill, incloſed them all in the following letter to Mrs. Ofwarne:

"Madam,

"My reſpect for your character as a "woman, and my ſorrow for your ſitua- "tion as a wife, have been cruelly in- "creaſed by learning that you juſtly im- "pute to me the *preſent* alienation of "Mr. Ofwarne's affections. A *written* "acknowledgment of errors and frailties "is putting ſo much in the power of a "ſtranger, that few minds can ſubmit to "the experiment: I have, however, not

" ſcrupled to ſhew you how much I can
" mortify myſelf, where I have been guilty
" of even an unintentional injury. Had I
" imagined Mr. Oſwarne was a married
" man; had I known his name, his cir-
" cumſtances, and his real diſpoſition;
" the world would never have perſuaded
" me to forfeit thoſe ſentiments of honour
" and delicacy, which I have ever pre-
" ſerved, though in the midſt of luxury,
" temptation, and diſſipated friends, with
" no protector but my own fortune, and
" no guide but my own heart. Mr. Oſ-
" warne I will never ſee again; I deteſt
" him for his unprincipled licentiouſneſs,
" and I deſpiſe myſelf for my giddy pa-
" tronage of his addreſſes. I would not
" willingly own myſelf acquainted with
" your preſent wants of pecuniary aſſiſt-
" ance,

"ance, but an accidental circumſtance "brought them to my knowledge. Do "me the favour, or rather the honour, of "accepting the incloſed; and leſt you "ſhould give me a praiſe to which I have "no claim, I inform you that they were "preſented to me, this day, by Mr. Oſ-"warne. May you long live happy in "yourſelf, and in your huſband! which "felicity ſhall never be diſturbed by

"MATILDA MEREDYTH."

To produce a complete mortification to Oſwarne, ſhe called at his houſe with the letter. Her carriage drove up to the door, and ſhe aſked if Mr. Oſwarne was at home. He came to her, and ſhe received him very civilly; then giving him

the

the letter, ſhe told him that it was a packet for Mrs. Oſwarne, which ſhe had promiſed to deliver ſafe, and that if he did not immediately convey it with a truſty care, ſhe would never rely upon him again. Oſwarne, frighted by her earneſt charge, bid her Good day! and delivered the letter to his wife before three or four of their friends. At that inſtant Colonel Orford entered; and, during the peruſal of Miſs Meredyth's letter, was paying his compliments to Oſwarne, who had juſt delivered it. Oſwarne received him with that abrupt and brutal treatment by which he meant to exhibit undaunted valour to his acquaintance. Mrs. Oſwarne was convulſed with a mixture of rage and ſhame: rage, excited by Oſwarne's preference of another woman to herſelf;

herſelf; and ſhame, at owing obligations to a rival and "*a proſtitute.*" She ſaw not that noble diſintereſtedneſs, that delicate diſcrimination, which partook of laviſh indulgence without preſumption, without fraud, without vanity. She claſſed Miſs Meredyth with the baſeſt of depraved wretches; and with the envious malignity of many women, who joy to triumph with the men over female weakneſs, ſhe conſigned her to infamy in a vociferous ſpeech, which proclaimed her wrongs, and diſplayed her triumph. Orford was aſtoniſhed at what he heard; and Oſwarne, ſnatching the letter from his wife, had deſtroyed it, but was prevented by the colonel, who was reſolved to read it, and he was charmed at the contents.

Mrs.

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, you men always defend theſe huſſeys——I'll lay you a wager ſhe has twenty crimes more——How d'ye know but ſhe is a thief, or a ſcold, or a hypocrite, or has been guilty of burglary——

Col. O. Give yourſelf time, madam, to think but for one moment——Your heat overcomes you, and you ſuffer no conſiderations, but thoſe of rage, to ſway you——You perceive not the amiable conduct Miſs Meredyth has purſued in this affair.

Mrs. O. I ſee nothing in it but a deſign to affront me; a ſcheme, I ſuppoſe, planned between that horrid monſter, my huſband, and herſelf——But, I'll expoſe her——I'll publiſh her letter, lay open her conduct to the world, and expoſe her

ner——and that vile, infamous man, too, that monſter who has cut up my modeſty ——he that enjoys twenty ſins at a time ——who even abuſes the privilege all men have to make fools of themſelves!

She grew very violent; and Orford was haſtening away to relate the ſtory to his acquaintance, when he met Bruce at the door. Juſt as he had finiſhed the relation, Mr. Harwal joined them. He alſo had heard of the circumſtance, and called to laugh with Mrs. Oſwarne, but declined going in, when he heard of her exceſſive rage. He walked with Orford, attended by Bruce, and excited their admiration by a ſimilar inſtance of Miſs Meredyth's generoſity. He began with a facetious abruptneſs: "I'll ſurpriſe you, "Orford; and then you'll think, for a "moment,

" moment, that I am going to reform;
" but I need not, for I can prove to you,
" that there is virtue enough in the world
" to do without me. And now for Miſs
" Meredyth. You know young Evelyne,
" my friend and ſchoolfellow. He ſaw
" Miſs Meredyth ſome little time ago,
" and became much enamoured with her
" delightful perſon. He wrote a copy
" of verſes to her, which pleaſed her ſo
" highly, that ſhe deſired to ſee the author.
" Evelyne called, and was *moſt graciouſly*
" *received.* He continued to be her hum-
" ble ſervant for many months; during
" which he highly entertained me, by an
" account of his meeting there a ſtrange
" fellow, who in vain ſolicited the favours of
" Miſs Meredyth: he is a Captain Staw-
" el; and, what is ridiculous enough, he

" has

" has always profeſſed to deſpiſe and avoid
" accompliſhed women; he has made a
" jeſt of them wherever he went, and has
" perpetually levelled his ſhafts at the
" leaſt approach to literature in the female
" ſex; yet, being ſtruck with the elegance
" of Miſs Meredyth's perſon, he now
" praiſes thoſe qualities in women, which
" he before condemned with heat and
" acrimony. Evelyne, during his inter-
" courſe with Miſs Meredyth, made her
" many rich and valuable preſents, which
" ſhe, not knowing the bulk of his in-
" come, readily accepted. In a ſhort
" time, Evelyne, whoſe fortune, though
" very eligible, is not immenſe, became
" diſtreſſed by the liberality of his dona-
" tions. His debts accumulated; and his
" own mind, which is the moſt ſuſceptible

" of

" of any I know, was oppreſſed with all
" the gloom and terror of an indigent
" man. I perceived his melancholy but
" could not then learn the cauſe. His
" perplexities increaſed, for he did not dare
" apply to his own friends, ſince you
" and I, Colonel Orford, both know that
" none but ſuch dogs of ſpirit and *ſans-*
" *ſouci* as myſelf, ever get their debts paid
" by their friends. The amiable and
" generous mind, that trembles at a breach
" of propriety, that fears being expoſed to
" the cenſure of the world, that wiſhes to
" preſerve his character and good name
" with a delicate anxiety, and to riſe in
" public eſteem, rather by ſuperior virtues
" than by mental ſplendour or artificial
" elevation; ſuch a mind is always left,

" with callous negligence, to depend upon
" itſelf, and is tarniſhed by the leaſt de-
" viation from the moſt exemplary diſ-
" cretion, while ſuch diſſipated and reſo-
" lute fellows as your truly devoted, who
" never care twopence who pays, or who
" loſes, who attract mankind by a little
" pleaſantry and awe them by an inſolent
" diſdain, we can always find help in our
" own families, who are glad to pay the
" price of our follies, leſt *our* inconſide-
" rate prodigality ſhould injure *their* good
" name."

Orford was ſtruck with the poſition of Harwal; and, after a moment's reflection, acknowledged the truths it contained. Harwal then proceeded: " Evelyne, thus " harraſſed by the intricacy of his affairs,

" and

"and diſtreſſed by the want of ſupplies,
"began diſcontinuing his viſits to Miſs
"Meredyth. She wondered at his ab-
"ſence; and, happening to meet with
"her one evening, ſhe aſked me after my
"friend. A man, whoſe bill he had been
"unable to pay, and to whom he was
"recommended by my father, had, the
"day before, with the ſordid brutality of
"a catchpole, addreſſed Lord Warynton,
"in a very rude way, on the non-pay-
"ment of his account. Evelyne was then
"abſent; and my father, who loves him
"very much, paid it for him. This
"brought the ſtate of his affairs to my
"knowledge. My father and I called,
"next day, upon an old rich uncle, with
"whom Evelyne lives, to entreat, as a

" favour, that he would aſſiſt his nephew
" at this criſis: we urged his virtues, his
" accompliſhments, and his charming
" diſpoſition; that he was a very young
" man, and that this was his firſt indiſ-
" cretion: that the ſum which he owed,
" (for I had obtained, from Evelyne, a
" ſtate of his affairs, before I went to his
" uncle, and had much difficulty to make
" him tell me, in confidence, what he
" never ſuppoſed I ſhould mention to his
" uncle) and the ſupply neceſſary to ad-
" juſt his difficulties, though it was large
" to Evelyne, was but a paltry trifle to
" his uncle, who lived, among his friends,
" with elegant affluence. After many re-
" peated ſupplications, I found we might
" as well have addreſſed ourſelves, for lu-
" crative help, to the golden gentleman

" who

" who ſits on horſeback in Cavendiſh
" Square. The only anſwer we could ob-
" tain, was, that he made his nephew a
" regular allowance, and that Evelyne
" had no poſſible claim to any thing more,
" ſince even that was a favour. The ſame
" evening I met Miſs Meredyth and told
" her the ſtory. She appeared very much
" hurt, but ſoon changed the converſa-
" tion. Still ruminating upon the ill
" ſucceſs of my poor friend, I enu-
" merated how often *my* father had paid
" my debts (which, however, had been
" not above ſix or ſeven times;) I was
" an hour laying ſome plan to aſſiſt my
" friend: having at laſt fixed upon one,
" which I intended mentioning to my fa-
" ther next day, I went home to bed. In
" the morning, before I roſe, I was ſur-

" priſed to find Evelyne at my bedſide.
" He appeared in a rapture of joy, and
" put ſome papers in my hand to read,
" repeating, *That lovely creature has hardly*
" *her equal!* I peruſed a letter, which I
" found was from Miſs Meredyth and
" which contained nearly theſe words:

" WHY did you deceive me? If our
" intimacy was cemented by real love
" and not by inſenſible and tranſient in-
" clination; if you ſuppoſed me, what
" you have ſo often called me, generous
" and diſintereſted, why have you deſerted
" me on account of your own diſtreſſes,
" which is giving me more pain than if
" you had quitted me on any arrival of
" mine? How have you forſaken me!
" And what have I done to merit ſuch

 " neglect?

" neglect? I am not the Armida deſcribed
" by your favourite Taſſo, for I have
" neither her inſidious wiles, nor her ir-
" reſiſtable beauties; yet, ere you for-
" ſook me, you might have remembered
" the beautiful leſſon, even *her* palace
" afforded, of a ſplendid flight and a true
" gallantry:

Efugge Antonio! e laſciar pùo la ſpeme
Dell' imperio del mondo, ov' egli aſpira?
Non fugge, no, non teme il fier, non teme;
Ma ſegue lei che fugge, e ſeco il tira.

" I was not, then, worthy of ſuch an
" attachment! Whatever I am, I have
" ſtill ſo high a ſenſe of equity and tender-
" neſs, that I never will ſee the friend I
" love, unhappy, while I can aſſiſt him.
" I ſhall hardly forgive myſelf for accept-
" ing thoſe preſents, which you made
" with ſuch laviſh profuſion and with

" ſuch uncommon addreſs; but, if any
" thing can reconcile me to my own ap-
" probation, it will be this opportunity of
" marking my regard. I incloſe you
" three hundred pounds, which I hear,
" from good authority, is the ſum neceſ-
" ſary to extricate you from your preſent
" little embarraſſments: if you do not
" take it, without the leaſt acknowledg-
" ment, I will never ſee you again. I
" now know to what cauſe I muſt aſcribe
" the tears which you mingled with your
" pathetic eloquence, the laſt evening I
" ſaw you, when we read together Ari-
" oſto's charming and affecting ſtory of
" Olimpia deſerted by Bireno. Permit
" me, on this occaſion, gratefully to ac-
" knowledge the mirth I have enjoyed
" from your ſprightly vivacity and the
" inſtruction

" inſtruction I have derived from the
" elegant literature with which your mind
" is ſo ſkilfully embelliſhed. Theſe are
" obligations I can never repay; but it
" affords me an exalted delight, that, by
" this little demonſtration of my regard,
" I can preſerve you from the cenſure of
" your acquaintance and from the inſults
" of thoſe indolently virtuous, whoſe rec-
" titude is without effort and whoſe pa-
" tronage is without delicacy.

" I ſhall ever be happy to own myſelf

" Your truly devoted,

" MATILDA MEREDYTH."

" Thus, you ſee, was beſtowed, by the
" munificence of violent attachment and
" diſintereſted love, what had been re-

" fuſed

"fuſed by the neareſt and moſt powerful "relations; ſo much does true generoſity "tranſcend cautious duty."

The narrative afforded much pleaſure to Orford and Bruce, who applauded the attractions of a woman, dangerous by the luxury of her life, exemplary by the good qualities of her heart; equally irreſiſtable by her virtues, her beauties, and her frailty.

Bruce left Orford and Harwal and returned to Sir Edward's, where Emily was obliged to permit the addreſſes of ſome new acquaintance introduced by Sir Edward Bryant.

No other event occurred of much conſequence, except that to Emily this day afforded a particular pleaſure, as her friend Mrs. Ellyſon returned from the country;

and

and paſſed the day at Lady Bryant's. The arrival of ſuch a companion ſoftened the diſagreeable taſk of bearing Lady Bryant's caprices. Mrs Ellyſon was one of the moſt accompliſhed women of the age. Nature had endowed her with a vivid energy of ſenſe, a clear and comprehenſive mind, which diligent cultivation had ſtored with variety of knowledge. The literature, which had been gained by ſtudy, and refined by taſte, was improved by travel; for ſhe had viſited ſeveral parts of Europe, and had ſurveyed the manners of various nations, with unerring liberality and philoſophic diſcernment. She was one of thoſe few unmarried people, who attained the period which ſucceeds juvenility, without imbibing any of the hateful qualities too frequently imputed to ſingle women,

above

above a certain age. Her temper was complacent, her manners poliſhed, and her life exemplary. Without preſumption, and without vanity, ſhe inſtructed whoever wiſhed for information: with a ſagacity and a diſcretion practiſed by very few, to ſuch as declined knowledge, ſhe afforded perpetual entertainment. Her prudence was ſtill greater; for, though ſhe never declined ſpeaking but a company was deprived of much profit, yet very frequently ſhe preferred a long ſilence to the dangerous practice of diſplaying female ſuperiority. Of thoſe many exalted characters which are to be found among women, this ſurely demands very high praiſe. The man who has been accuſtomed to elegant ſociety, to that happy intercourſe with the ſofter ſex, which can alone

alone refine the ſenſe and harmonize the heart, muſt allow the value of an improved mind. From the gentle influence of female attraction, men receive all the delights which render life deſirable and happy: the luſtre of virtue, and the delicacy of ſentiment; the contemptible ſneer of a witling cannot, for more than a moment, degrade the dignity of the female character; for no man, however lofty by wiſdom, or however ſplendid by wit, has paſſed through life without remembering that his moſt delightful hours have been thoſe wherein female perfection have ſhone, either in domeſtic attentions, modeſt ſkill, or captivating graces; when his heart has kindled at the blaze of beauty or his ſorrows have been ſoothed by the winning ſoftneſs of conjugal affection. That author

thor does little honour to humanity, and none to himſelf, whoſe pen has never been employed in the laviſh encomiums which virtuous women may ſo juſtly claim. This taſk, equally his duty and his pleaſure, every writer from life is bound to perform; for there can be no man ſo deſtitute of examples, as neither to have had a mother whoſe virtues excite gratitude and emulation, a wife whoſe endearment animates fondneſs, or a female acquaintance whoſe captivating excellence entitles them to the tribute of a ſincere and voluntary applauſe.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

BRITISH MUSEUM 18 NOV 1900